

incorporating Arts Digest / DECEMBER 1957 / 75 cents

3

# ARTS

CHRISTMAS PORTFOLIO  
OF RELIGIOUS DRAWINGS  
BY REMBRANDT

Commentary by  
Alfred Werner

GAUDIANISM IN CATALONIA

By Anthony Kerrigan

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# ARTS

incorporating Arts Digest

Vol. 32, No. 3 / 75 cents

DECEMBER 1957

## CONTRIBUTORS



**Anthony Kerrigan**, who contributes to this issue a study of the Spanish architect Antonio Gaudi on the occasion of an exhibition of his work at the Museum of Modern Art, is an American

who lives in Palma de Mallorca. He writes regularly for the Spanish art magazine *Goya*, and is an editor and translator of numerous Spanish writings. Mr. Kerrigan is now working on a book on paleolithic art as well as an anthology of works by the modern Spanish writer Peo Baroja.

With this number **Annette Michelson** begins her regular critical reports on exhibitions in Paris. She is an American writer residing in Paris and has recently been serving as art critic for the Paris Edition of the New York Herald Tribune.

**Clement Greenberg** writes this month on the achievement of the American painter Milton Avery. His recent activities have included a commentary on another American painter, the late Arnold Friedman, for the catalogue of the Zabriskie Gallery's recent exhibition. He is the author of books on Miró and Matisse, and wrote the essay on "Picasso at Seventy-five" for the October number of ARTS.

**Alfred Werner**, a regular contributor, has written the introduction to the new edition of *Gauguin's Noa Noa*, published in paperback edition by Noonday Press.

**John Lucas** is on the faculty of Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota. He has written widely on art, and this fall authored the study on Stuart Davis for the September issue of ARTS.

**FORTHCOMING:** Two essays on the French painter **André Derain**—a critical evaluation of his work by **Patrick Heron** and a biographical study by **Alfred Werner**... **Robert Rosenblum** writes on the American painter **Arshile Gorky** and reviews the recently published book on his work... a selection of twentieth-century paintings from the **Winston collection**... a report on the National Gallery of Art's **Blake** exhibition by **Ulrich Weisstein**... a pictorial presentation of illuminations from a rare **Kyriale** at the Delacorte Gallery.



## ON THE COVER

Detail from **Rembrandt's** pen and bistre drawing, *THE ANNUNCIATION TO THE SHEPHERDS* (ca. 1655-56); reproduced from **Otto Benesch's** *THE DRAWINGS OF REMBRANDT* (Phaidon Press). The drawing is shown in its entirety in our "Christmas Portfolio of Religious Drawings by Rembrandt," pages 30-39.

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## LETTERS

### THE LAST WORD

To the Editor:

It was too bad in a way that Geist ["Letters," October] deflected my charges into the general "realm and practice of criticism." This can open up a whole new field of contention.

Geist was correct on one point—I do not admire his "style, tact and forensic manner." But my dispute with him has nothing to do with these things. It stems rather from the fact that he provided so little of what I would call *criticism* at all. He gave out judgments—and judgments that might be held dubious on several grounds.

There are of course different conceptions of the critic's function. The Geist approach is one to which we have become well accustomed—the critic who pictures himself in the role of umpire and calls out the strikes, balls, fouls, etc. It's a lot more fun in art than in baseball, however, as art is based on no preconceived rules (it's also more difficult to chase him off the field). The critic is free to judge from a standard of his own choosing. As a result, the artist is easily badgered by the Irresponsibles; and the public receives little more than tip sheets.

Criticism that can prove of any service requires some broader foundation than a critic's judgments put forward as facts. As an example of what I mean, Geist has written contemptuously (I shall still use the word) of the exhibitions and influence of the American Abstract Artists. Yet we receive little substantiation, except his word for it. And what does this have to do with the volume he is supposed to be reviewing anyway? Moreover, when he got to the book itself, he gave little indication of what it was intended to be. I submit that adequate criticism must at least encompass the intended point of view before a critic's hostility can be held legitimate.

George L. K. Morris  
Lenox, Massachusetts

### THE WORLD OF "THE EIGHT"

To the Editor:

In my article "The World of the Eight," appearing in the *Arts Yearbook*, I attributed to James Huneker certain unsigned art reviews in the columns of the *New York Sun* in the years 1901 and 1904. These reviews, I have since learned, were written by the critic Charles Fitzgerald, who with James Gregg, and later Huneker, wrote for the *Sun*. These critics were the first to write appreciatively of the work of the artists who later became "The Eight."

Leslie Katz  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

### "SEPTEMBER MORN"

To the Editor:

I heartily agree with you and Emily Genauer, whom you quote in "Spectrum" [October], when you deplore the undeserved honor given *September Morn* by the Metropolitan. You say that this insipid painting would have been forgotten, except for the fact that Anthony Comstock, the spearhead of the Anti-Vice Society, happened to walk down the street where it was displayed in 1913. Everyone is familiar with the result of his

disapproval: the nude at the edge of the lake became a "national figure," and framed reproductions of this little gem were hung in some seven million homes before the furor died down.

What is not generally known adds a turn of the screw to the ludicrous story, ending in the approbation of one of our great American museums. It is this: that the whole affair was the result of a scheme to sell the reproductions (a brewer's calendar reject and unsalable at ten cents each) by a publicity wizard of the time!

Harry Reichenbach, famous for his ability to sell anything, set up a display of the *September Morn* lithographs (not the painting itself) in the window of the art store which had printed two thousand of these turkeys. He then badgered with phone calls and personal visits the apathetic Comstock until he got him to visit the premises. There on the sidewalk in front of the store window, the wily promoter had planted a group of youngsters, at fifty cents a head, to snicker at the display and make vulgar gestures.

Comstock swallowed the scene and turned red. "Remove that picture!" he bellowed, and the innocent product of an obscure French painter was on its way to glory.

This coup was duly recorded by the jubilant Reichenbach in a book of his exploits called *Phantom Fame*, published by Simon and Schuster in 1931.

Tsk, tsk, Mr. Rorimer!

Joan Drew  
Rye, New York

### BLAKELOCK CLARIFICATION

To the Editor:

In the fine review of Blakelock's contribution to American painting by Vernon Young in the October issue of *ARTS*, the middle illustration on page 29 is incorrectly given as *Lake by Moonlight* instead of *Early Evening*, or *Moonlight, Early Evening*. The picture is described in some detail on page 37 of Daingerfield's monograph on Ralph Albert Blakelock (New York, privately printed, 1914). It was listed by him as part of the collection of Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys under the title of *Early Evening*.

Simon Stone  
Manchester  
New Hampshire

### PLAUDITS

To the Editor:

I think *ARTS* has the best coverage of current material and news of the art world plus the finest selection of colored reproductions of any art magazine available in the U. S., and I am very pleased to be able to offer it to my students.

J. Richard Sorby  
Assoc. Prof. of Art  
University of Denver

To the Editor:

Congratulations on the fine Blakelock article [October]. Young did a good job.

Carmine Dalesio  
New York City



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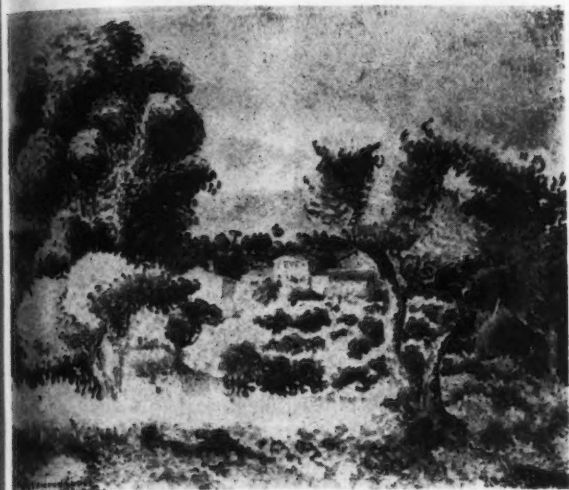
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## AUCTIONS

LURCY PAINTINGS BRING RECORD HIGH  
IN RECENT SALE AT PARKE-BERNET



Henri Edmond Cross, PAYSAGE; sold for \$9,000.

THE Georges Lurcy collection of French modern paintings and French eighteenth-century art objects was sold at public auction at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York, on November 7, 8 and 9, for a total of \$2,221,355. The sixty-five paintings offered on the evening of November 7 brought \$1,708,500, the largest sum ever realized from a single auction of modern paintings either here or abroad. The audience included collectors from Europe and South America. Admission was by ticket only. A thousand-odd spectators crowded the auction gallery itself, while the overflow of more than seven hundred was accommodated in two supplementary galleries, where the audience could both observe and bid by means of the first closed-circuit television ever used at an auction in the United States.

Bidding was spirited throughout the evening, and at times almost frenzied. The highest bid came from the New York firm of Rosenberg and Stiebel, thought to be acting as agents for a collector; they acquired Renoir's *La Serre* for \$200,000. The runner-up in price was *Mau Taporo*, Gauguin's painting of a Tahitian woman in a field with a grazing horse. It went to Alex Goulandris, a Greek shipping magnate, for \$180,000.

### ART OF PAST CENTURY IN LONDON SALE

IN a sale of special interest at Sotheby's in London, an assemblage of fine nineteenth-century and modern paintings and drawings will be offered to the bidding public on December 11. Included are paintings by Boudin, Courbet, Fantin-Latour, Lépine, Picasso, Renoir, Sickert and Sir Matthew Smith. Drawings comprise examples by Boudin, Daumier, Delacroix, Marquet, Matisse and Signac. Also included in the Sotheby sale are bronzes by Degas and Rodin and a terra cotta by Maillol.

### BIDDERS TO SERVE AS ART JURY

THE Art Investors Corporation will offer a selection of paintings by younger French artists at public auction at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York on December 18, at 1:45 p.m., following public exhibition from December 14.

The Corporation was originated about a year ago by Mr. Joseph James Akston for the purpose of introducing to American collectors the works of talented but relatively unknown artists. In a unique experiment, works by forty-eight painters—those who in Mr. Akston's opinion show the most brilliant promise—will be presented, as it were, to the jury of Parke-Bernet patrons.

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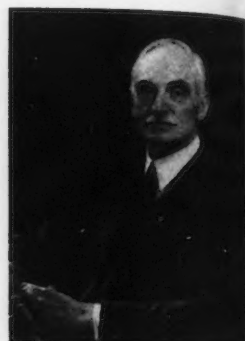
## PEOPLE IN THE ARTS



Porter A. McCray



Lin Emery



W. G. Constable

Porter A. McCray (above) has been elected a trustee of the Museum of Modern Art, it has been announced by Nelson A. Rockefeller, Chairman of the Board. Mr. McCray, who has been associated with the museum since 1947, is director of the museum's International Program and the Department of Circulating Exhibitions.

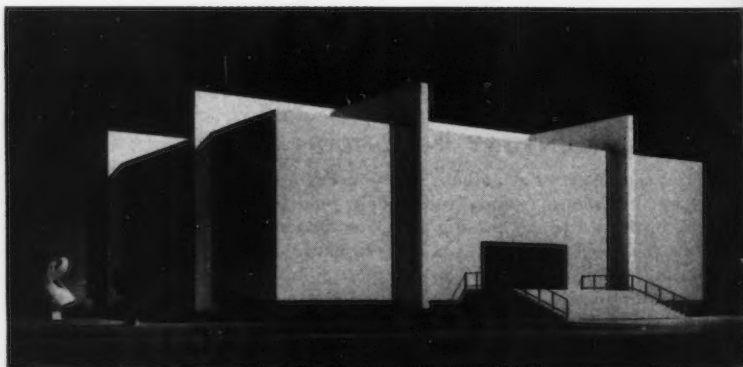
In the Louisiana Art Commission's recent state-wide competition in sculpture, ceramics and graphics, **Lin Emery** (above) took first prize in the sculpture-ceramics division with her steel piece entitled *Family Group*; **James L. Steg** took first prize in graphics with his color etching *Cycle-Winter*. Runners-up were **G. F. Kenner** and **Dante Vena**.

In the Fortieth Anniversary Exhibition of the Brooklyn Society of Artists, held re-

cently at the Riverside Museum in New York City, prizes of \$100 Bonds went to the painter **Harold Baumbach** and the sculptor **Lily Ente**. The exhibition was juried by **Seymour Lipton**, **Seymour Drulevitch** and **Karl Schrag**.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has announced the retirement of **W. G. Constable** (above) as Curator of Paintings, a position held by the noted English scholar since 1938. Prior to his association with the Boston Museum Mr. Constable was Director of the Courtauld Institute in London and Slade Professor of Art at Cambridge University. Following his retirement he will give a series of Lowell Institute Lectures at the museum in 1958.

Sculpture by five artists will be featured in the United States pavilion at the Brus-



Utica's **Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute** will start construction in April of a new museum building, which will be opened in 1960. Architect Philip Johnson, carrying out his thesis that "the museum should not just be a repository of art but also a community center," has included a plaza and an auditorium that can accommodate symphony concerts, as well as two floors for painting and sculpture galleries. The architect, formerly Director of the Department of Architecture and Design at the Museum of Modern Art, most recently designed, with **Miës van der Rohe**, the thirty-eight-story House of Seagram on Park Avenue in New York. **William C. Murray**, President of the Institute, has also announced plans for the restoration of the James Watson Williams home, built in 1852 and used by the Institute since 1935 for gallery space.

els Universal and International Exhibi-  
tion next year, it has been announced by  
Howard S. Cullman, United States Com-  
missioner General to the fair. The sculp-  
tors who have been commissioned to do  
work for the building are Alexander  
Calder, Isamu Noguchi, Mary Callery,  
José de Rivera and Harry Bertoia. Works  
by other artists, not yet announced, will  
be exhibited at the fair, but these will  
be on loan from museums and other  
sources. The Belgian fair will open to the  
international public next April 17.

At the request of the Department of State  
the International Council at the Museum  
of Modern Art in New York City will  
plan and decorate the main conference  
room in the UNESCO Headquarters build-  
ing now nearing completion in Paris. The  
architect Philip C. Johnson of New York  
has been commissioned by the Council to  
carry out the project for the American  
Room, which will serve primarily for meet-  
ings of UNESCO's Executive Board and  
other important committee meetings. The  
United States is one of eight member coun-  
tries invited to design and furnish rooms  
in the new building, which was designed  
by Marcel Breuer of New York, Pier Nervi  
of Italy and Bernard Zehruss of France.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine  
Arts and the Detroit Institute of Arts have  
announced that they will collaborate in  
sponsoring the 153rd Annual Exhibition  
of American Oil Painting and Sculpture  
to be presented in 1958. The two major  
exhibiting organizations will, by combin-  
ing purchase monies and prizes, have a sum  
of \$20,000 available. Approximately 150  
paintings and 40 sculptures will be exhib-  
ited by invitation and the remainder of  
the exhibition by choice of the juries. The  
exhibition will be on view in Philadelphia  
from January 24 through February 23, in  
Detroit from March 18 through April 13.

Next year's Carnegie International will be  
expanded far beyond the scope of any of  
the forty previous exhibitions in the sixty-  
year history of the event; the Commis-  
sioners of Allegheny County have allocated  
\$110,000 to the Carnegie Institute for the  
presentation of this "Pittsburgh Interna-  
tional Exhibition of Contemporary Paint-  
ing and Sculpture." Opening in Decem-  
ber of 1958, the show will form one of the  
high lights of Pittsburgh's Bicentennial  
Celebration. Sculpture will be included  
in the exhibition for the first time, and  
the painting awards will be increased in  
amount; first prize in painting is \$3,000,  
and in sculpture \$2,000. The event will  
also include a special retrospective show-  
ing of prize winners and outstanding  
paintings that have appeared in the In-  
ternationals since 1896. Gordon Bailey  
Washburn, Director of the Fine Arts  
Department of the Carnegie Institute,  
will leave shortly on a tour to select  
European works for the 1958 show.



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# PARIS

A tardy opening of the winter season . . . the third Ecole de Paris salon . . . curtain raisers by Maryan, Soulages and Brauner . . . the Wouters retrospective at the Musée d'Art Moderne . . . abstract paintings from behind the Iron Curtain . . .

BY ANNETTE MICHELSON

THE winter season has opened reluctantly and late. A brilliant series of large, official exhibitions ended in August, leaving one to face a long, uneasy intermission between summer and mid-November. For some weeks now, the galleries of the Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré and the Rue de Seine have been lined with holiday souvenirs. Returning Neo-Impressionists, like docile students asked to "describe an interesting aspect of your vacation," had produced, as they annually do, masses of small, thick-surfaced canvases and hasty gouaches destined for the dining rooms of the Sixteenth Arrondissement. These, too, are informative in their way (Sardinia, one gathers, is replacing Ibiza as a vacation center; Corsica is apparently cheaper than Elba and its light certainly more varied), but their interest is obviously of the most incidental kind, sociological, and every critic sighed his relief when the annual exhibition of the Ecole de Paris opened at Charpentier's. Within a few days the polite murmur of the opening had swelled to the roar of journalistic polemics, and the season was on.

There is, of course, no proper ground for dispute. This annual Salon, the third of its kind, is patently a dealers' show, organized by invitation. It is certainly not completely representative (none of the painters working within the traditions of Neo-Plasticism or Klarform, none of the Denise René group are shown), and, whatever its pretensions, no one has really insisted upon them. It is quite simply the "Bottin Mondain" of painting, and its interest lies in its limitations and merits alike. It is, by now, in its irritating fashion, a partial, highly fallible and indispensable guide to the speculative fluctuations of a market.

One cannot criticize the Salon in terms of the individual entries; many of the best painters are represented by works of indifferent quality, and that, too, is understandable; the individual canvas is the materialization of a gesture, the answer to a roll call, a calling card. This year's Lansky and Da Silva are splendid, and the Poliakov relatively unsuccessful, but what matters is their presence, not their quality. What matters far more is the fact that they are surrounded, supported by their younger colleagues, in large and representative numbers.

It was, of course, this invasion which occasioned argument, for with a few incongruous and presumably stellar exceptions (Gromaire, Ernst, Buffet), the first of the three large rooms has been entirely devoted to abstract painting. The critical reaction has been largely that of an aging general staff surprised from the rear and appalled by the bad form of unorthodox tactics. M. Raymond Charmet of *Arts*, rehearsing a chronic anxiety, interprets this mass demonstration as Charpentier's concession to the American market, hastening immediately to explain that Parisian abstraction is, as might have been expected, superior to any other, and its weaknesses due to a break with a traditionally French sense of reality, a traditionally French technical assurance.

SINCE one is dealing with a directory, surely the best one can do is merely to list a very few of the interesting people. Within the complex, subtly graded hierarchy, then, of Aging Masters (and among them only the freshness and gravity of Villon and Beaudin transcend the level of the token gesture), the Couturiers (Marchand, Buffet, Carzou), the belatedly semi-Surrealist Theatrical Designers (Labisse, Clavé) and

Neo-Realists (Oudot, Chapelain-Midy), there is a small nucleus of younger painters (predominantly but not exclusively abstract), some of whom I should like at least to mention. Pierre Loeb's very brilliant group is represented by Kallos and Dufour. In Kallos' *Atelier* the fragile and angular forms in cool, translucent greens and blues are organized on planes that recede more subtly than reproduction will suggest. This composition's surprising and modest monumentality involves no visible sacrifice of a highly complex and elaborate articulation.

The Seigles (there are two) are showing one extremely accomplished work. In *Repos*, broad, flat areas of grainy pigment walk the razor's edge between representation and abstraction. The extremely subtle shifts in depth of the grays, gray-greens and earth colors, kept in strict and constant relationship to the canvas surface, are marshaled in a kind of visual counterpoint against the linear, latitudinal movement of their forms. The result is a superb lesson in movement without repose. Only the inner articulation of a suggested female figure is somewhat schematic (as in the late Juan Gris), awkwardly or incompletely related to its surrounding contours. The tact of this work, its intensely considered aspect, its rich and unemphatic surface and patient probing of problems formulated but unsolved in certain penultimate De Staëls, make it one of the most interesting of this year's Salon. Its structural integrity and obvious concern with the maintenance of a painterly tradition provide the transition to Pignon, certainly the best figurative painter of his generation now working in Paris, and the only one to put a Picasso-derived vocabulary to the uses of a personal syntax, taming the baroque quality of his draftsmanship in the interests of structural tension and rigor. The painting now on exhibition, though inferior to the remarkable *Grafters* series, illustrates, nevertheless, the consistent success of an attempt to organize landscape through an economical articulation and inflection of the white canvas, using characteristically knotty forms that man-

age to convey the feeling of weight without departing from utter flatness.

Finally, Lersy is showing a very brilliant canvas in the tradition of post-Cubist chromaticism, and the Fricker Gallery has a number of recent and superior variants of *Piano* on view. Lersy has by now been through the mill of the proper group shows, salons and prizes, and both the recent *Boat* and *Piano* series show a growing freedom with respect to the object and a corresponding concentration and strength in composition, accompanied by an increasingly restricted palette. Lately it has consisted almost entirely of blacks, whites and ochers, with occasional reds. Somewhere in Lersy there is a Futurist crying to be let out; recent works, among other things, are organized projections of the object's potential movement, and the result is often an effect of controlled burgeoning from a central nucleus.

MARYAN, a young Pole who has been working in Paris since 1950, will be showing later in the year at Claude Bernard's gallery; I hope then to discuss in greater detail his particularly subtle and powerful use of large, heavy forms. Their movement is generated by a very personal and dynamic use of low-key color.

We are, in fact, promised an endless number of interesting or important one-man shows, and a number of the older men (Chastel, Lapicque) deserve detailed attention. For the moment, however, we are given a series of curtain raisers. The gouaches and lithographs by Soulages now on exhibition at Berggruen, for example, are straightforward and handsome, but certainly no more than that. The lithographs are rather like a series of collectors' seals of the kind that incidentally adorn the edges of Chinese landscapes. You will gather from this that the works have a self-enclosed quality, a stiffening about the edges, a compactness that sets them apart from the gouaches in this show and from the canvases in any other I have seen.

Victor Brauner is showing a vast number of canvases (many of them in encaustic), some ambitious sculpture and a few desultory ceramics at the Galerie de la Rive Droite. This exhibition is one of those highly unsatisfactory affairs that stimulate reflection. The progression from Surrealism to a modified Dadaist imagery provides a field day in erotic iconography; Brauner excels in the visual pun. The most immediately interesting aspect of these willed works, however, is their indigent relation to Klee, the obvious model and example. In the *Consolation*, for example, the striated color, increasingly frequent

Rik Wouters, THE MUSHROOMS (1912); at Musée d'Art Moderne.



Lersy, BOATS; at Galerie Fricker.





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in the latest Brauners, is used almost exclusively to define or delimit the bodily organs and extremities. These loosely assembled groups of color areas are then set against a background, with no attempt made to engage the total canvas, as Klee so constantly did. The figures consequently assume a plastically shallow, predominantly theatrical aspect, and their wit is feeble, insufficiently visual.

THE Paris Museum of Modern Art has organized, in co-operation with the Belgium government, an exhibition of the painting and sculpture of Rik Wouters. Although this show is not an isolated one, but the most recent of a series begun in 1945 with an exhibition of the work of Permeke and followed by both the Laethem-Saint Martin School and the big Ensor retrospectives of 1954, its tardiness is not uncharacteristic of Franco-Belgian cultural relations. The traditional French disdain of both Swiss and Flemish society, implicit in Baudelaire's "Pauvre Belgique," has its permanent place in the intellectual repertory of the cult of the anti-bourgeois rebel. Rik Wouters, who died of cancer in 1916 at the age of thirty-four, is now being shown here for the first time in retrospective.

This lifework, the detailed record of a steadily, rapidly expanding and flowering talent, is a joy to see. It came as the happy climax of the long movement which began with the naturalistic intimism of De Braekeleer and Sobbaerts, and bore its first fruits in the "generation of 1880." The poets and painters of "Jeune Belgique" had attempted, under the leadership of Octave Mauss, to foster an indigenous Impressionistic esthetic. Wouters was, then, in a position to inherit Impressionism secondhand, through Smits, Thévenet, Van Rysselberghe, Ensor and that remarkable prodigy Evenpoel, who had managed to assimilate Manet and Whistler into a personal style before his death at the age of twenty-seven.

In the earliest work exhibited, the *Etcher's Studio* (1908), Wouters' large, flat brush strokes, applied with astonishing freedom, create striking patterns of cold light and intense color, but *Mushrooms* (1912) is coloristically one of the most purely delightful still lifes anywhere. The solidity of the fleshy forms, the pearly luminosity of their grays, blues, browns and pinks have the sober, irresistible lusciousness of Chardin. It was, however, the first direct contact with Cézanne and the Impressionists, made during a trip to Paris later that same year, which set off the steady acceleration of his analytic and structural powers. The first results are a series of still lifes, variants of *Apples* and *Artificial Flowers*, painted

in immediate homage to Cézanne. They are followed by a series of portraits and self-portraits in which a growing freedom with his brush brings him, within a matter of months, nearer to Impressionism, toward an increasing use of autonomous color and an astonishing anticipation of Bonnard and the Fauves, with whom, of course, he had no contact. The greater part of this work completes the inventory of an interior, domestic universe: the artist's wife, the artist's wife with flowers, and still lifes in which light transfigures the innocent carnage of the deserted dinner table into a plastic order.

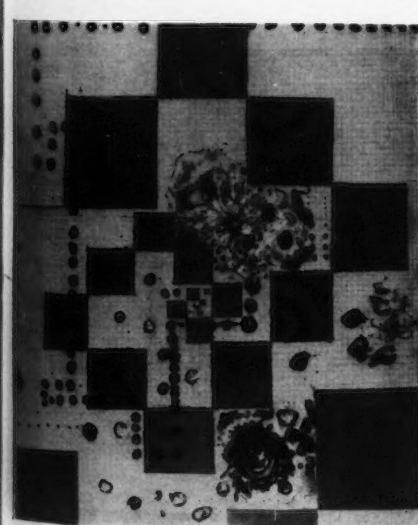
It is, in fact, interesting to see the sudden weakening that occurs when the scene is shifted to the outside world. Once the field of vision is geographically enlarged, Wouters finds himself unable to consolidate his work within a compositional framework, and the landscape suddenly collapses. *Ravine*, *Rose Walk* and *Autumn*, painted in 1913, tend to fade or slip off the canvas in all directions. Abandoning the use of textural variety to create the illusion of depth, he endows the general scene with one uniform, rather cottony texture. The spatial relationships of trees, water and rocks, inadequately defined within linear, textural or coloristic relationships, become vaguely heterodox manifestations of some universal substance. To judge by the present exhibition, Wouters chose to retreat from the problem rather than to solve it (his long, painful illness was undoubtedly partly responsible). From then on until his death three years later, he painted no more major landscapes, but completed what now looks, in retrospect, like an independent recapitulation of some forty-five crucial years in the history of Western painting. His brilliant success is, of course, postulated on the existence of a relatively continuous tradition and a supra-cultural community of effort.

To grasp their importance (which has acquired the unobtrusiveness of absolute necessity), one has only to turn from Wouters to the current exhibition of "Abstract Paintings by an Anonymous Leningrad Painter," imported by a visitor to the Youth Festival held this summer in Moscow and now being exhibited by Daniel Cordier. The first thing to say of these works is that they range from two semiabstract compositions through a series of loosely composed and painted, or nonformal works, vaguely suggestive of microcosmic constellations (grasping for references, one thinks fleetingly of Wols), to a series of canvases which project the pictorial nihilism of early Picabia. They are all somewhat unsettling in their structural chaos, and suggest, in their extreme ambiguity and uncertainty, a desperate striking out toward an uncertain goal.

One is hardly surprised to learn, upon inquiry (though it complicates all the more general issues raised), that one is dealing not only with the first break away from an academic tradition, but with the work of a very young and inexperienced painter. The anonymous young man in Leningrad is an autodidact of twenty-seven who has been painting for only two or three years. Is he alone or has he sympathetic colleagues? Yes, he has comrades, but nothing like a consistent milieu. Neither he nor any of his fellow "abstract painters" has yet exhibited publicly. He has seen, until now, the collections in Moscow and Leningrad.

His youth and inexperience aside, one is tempted to conclude that the uncertainty and ambiguity of which I speak are the inevitable symptoms of the artificiality inherent in any attempt to create a style *ex nihilo*. This painting is conceived and executed as gesture and idea, and its thinness and aggression result from the sudden attempt to bridge the gap of at least a century. As gesture, as idea, it is of course heartening and infinitely touching, and one waits impatiently for its repercussions.

Anonymous Leningrad Painter, UNTITLED PAINTING; at Daniel Cordier.



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# LONDON

Kenneth Armitage displays new and exciting work at Gimpel Fils . . . formal similarities with William Scott . . . Social Realist victories in Liverpool . . . another international prize for Nicholson . . .

BY PATRICK HERON

To me, the most interesting exhibition in London this October has been Kenneth Armitage's show of recent bronzes at Gimpel Fils. For one reason or another I did not expect to be excited—but I was. For one thing, I have felt lately that modern sculpture in general is in the doldrums; and I have felt this in particular about some of the younger British sculptors. Their achievement as a "school" is very considerable, I know; and their international prestige is extremely high—a fact which certainly delights us all over here. But I think that many of the main impulses that have shaped the sculpture of today are more or less spent: sculpture, it seems to me, is settling down, rather too readily, into its various styles; and its exponents are settling down into large-scale production and their works have increasingly the air of being primarily handsome objects—each in its own style, of course.

The recent Reg Butlers are certainly exempt from this criticism: they are full of search and struggle and un-handsoneness. And now the new Armitages, although more pleasing to the senses than the Butlers, also avoid the current "handsoneness" of scrambled, ragged surfaces and rapid, almost Tachist, structural delineation. The "spilt" forms, only semiarticulate, and the easy richness of ragged, "natural" textures only occasionally seduce Armitage. For the most part, the kneaded, scratched, thumbled and gouged, modeled and filed-away surfaces of his sculpture are harnessed very determinedly to an image; they are tied to structure. The very shape of the figure itself often seems to have arisen out of the physical, tactile feel of this or that section of its rough or smooth surfaces. The architectonic (i.e., the three-dimensional "drawing" of the figure) really does inhabit the sensuous (i.e., the likable, bulging matter of the plaster or bronze). In too many sculptors at present there is a tendency to hang the sensuous surface on top of the architecture; but in Armitage there is no such divorce. And Armitage has moved on, too, in getting to grips with an increasingly three-dimensional conception of the sculptural image.

In his own way he has, like Butler, moved from an open to a closed idiom. When, some years ago, Butler was constructing his wire-cage figures, Armitage was making those flat, vertical screens of bronze from which a number of stalks and prongs projected. Although these earlier works are well known in America, I will try to describe them a little, because his present work is a true development from them. They consisted of screens, as I say; and these were fleshy, not brittle (rather as if a pancake or thin muffin could be balanced upright); and the face of the screen would register vigorous caressing and gouging, rising here and there into little flattish mounds (symbolizing breasts or buttocks), or slipping back into shallow concavities where stomach or belly are—a sort of reversed image of the round protruding stomach. But it was the silhouette of the screen, seen from front or back, that carried most meaning. An irregular lozenge in outline, this silhouette was interrupted and elaborated by the addition of a small knob balanced upon, and growing out of, its upper edge or rim: the figure's head. And at the bottom, two spindle-legs would be drawn down out of the roundish lozenge's lower edge, making one think for half a second of a water lily's leaf on its stalk. Or in the case of a sitting figure the legs and arms would project, mere muscular prongs, from the face of the lozenge-silhouetted screen, stick-

ing out at various angles from it; and some would even come out and go back again, a sort of bracket form, suggesting the elbow of an arm that rejoins the body because a hand rests on a hip.

In a sense, these works were sometimes like fragments of a relief, hack-sawn out of their parent surfaces, and set up independently in space. They meant little if looked at edge on: in fact, edge on, they were almost unintelligible—a fault, perhaps, in a solid sculptural object? Yet, if they barely made use of the tri-dimensionality of their actual mass, they concentrated expression into their outlines, into the drawing of their silhouetted edges. And this expressiveness was thus primarily linear—not the linearity of a free wire line in space; but that of the emphasized limits of a plane or mass. And while that sharp outline was active and taut, the mass that it filled it was slack and passive. In short, a most original formal vehicle of sculptural expression had been discovered. Partly on account of this pre-eminent linearity, and partly because of the rather summary nature of their comment on their subjects (a man walking against a wind, overcoat blown out flat and winglike; or a whole family out for an airing—because Armitage would multiply the heads and arms and legs attached to a single screen), these earlier sculptures have a connection with witty magazine cartoons that cannot be denied. The wit is sometimes pure gain; but sometimes it does usurp the role of pure form to the detriment of the work as a whole.

In the new works at Gimpels, Armitage at last expands this basic formal architecture of the two-dimensional screen into a new and three-dimensional unit—namely, an irregular but decidedly rectangular lozenge, which forms the torso of most of his new figures, whether lying or standing. I find him now stronger than Richier, more inventive than Giacometti. And Chadwick he quite overpowers. In this matter of the rectangle, as in a number of other more purely stylistic details, such as his lurching, thick, dynamically thrusting line (whether graphic, as in his drawings; or in the solid, as in the legs of *Figure Lying on Its Side*), Kenneth Armitage has

been assisted, it seems to me, by the brilliant example of William Scott. Both artists taught for some years at the Bath Academy of Art at Corsham; so there has been opportunity for mutual exchange of thought. It so happens that Scott and Armitage have been selected as the two major British exhibitors at next summer's Venice Biennale—a choice upon which the British Council could not be too warmly congratulated. Not only are these two artists complementary, but each is at the point of achieving full maturity. I always find Scott both profound and original—indeed, I believe he is on the verge of truly great painting. After painting abstracts in 1951-53 featuring that soft lozenge-like rectangle or oblong shape (earlier on it was his still-life tabletop) which, often placed centrally, was tied to the edges of the canvas by thick, tensely loose lines (horizontal or vertical, always), he moved on, in 1954, to the figure. Yet in this phase I found his fundamental formal preoccupations unchanged; and in ARTS (March 15, 1955) I wrote of Scott's *Seated Nude: 1954* as follows: "The 'flatness' of the imagined female form, from back to front, suggests the sculpture of Armitage; yet . . . what has really happened is simply that Scott has once again painted his archetypal design: her square body is just that famous tabletop (with legs below and her neck now placed where the 'coffecpot' used to be) with which he made his name, and which underlies even his nonfigurative work . . ."

Both Armitage and Scott each possess a strong individual personality, to be sure. Yet it is fascinating to notice these formal rhythmic similarities. The soft rectangle and the prevalence of rigid but wobbly lines that are fundamentally horizontal or vertical are two examples: in Scott these lines link the rectangle to the picture frame (as I've said), and in Armitage they spring out sideways, upward or downward (as arms or legs) from the main mass, the torso, and hook it on, as it were, to the surrounding and supporting air. Other English painters and sculptors of this generation share (though to a lesser extent) in this language of softened rectilinearities, of electrically charged stringlike lines, of sensuous masses that yet have an underlying counterpoint of vertical and horizontal thrusts. One is tempted to proclaim the arrival of an indigenous formal language capable of translation equally into painting and sculpture. Certainly I believe that there is a more profitable interplay between the painting of Scott and the sculpture of Armitage than that which existed between Cubist painting and the sculpture of Laurens. Laurens merely made Cubist painting solid (his later, non-Cubist works were another matter). But, if one is justified in making the suggestion at all, what

Kenneth Armitage, *FIGURE LYING ON ITS SIDE*; at Gimpel Fils.







Armitage, SEATED WOMAN WITH SQUARE HEAD; at Gimpeh Fils.

is here emerging is a condition of plastic feeling and visual perception and esthetic emotion which is neither primarily visual (and therefore he perquisite of painting) nor primarily tactile (and therefore the property of the sculptor); but is something deeper-seated than either, which comprehends them both.

Armitage's new figures, in the round—or "in the square," should I say?—have a plastic vitality which keeps the apparently too empty simplicity of some of their surfaces animated from within, so to speak. In most of his new pieces he has at last banished the former suspicion that his figures were sometimes too contrived. Not that one felt they were derivative (in any case, young artists are derivative to the extent to which they really grasp the example of their immediate fore-runners, their "masters"). But his figures did sometimes seem to "separate out" into two distinct realities, which remained unfused: there was his excellent and original *idea*; and there was the beautifully executed bronze *object*, which it was a pleasure to see and touch. Yet the object seemed to have failed to *become* the *idea*: it merely encased it. In Armitage's latest works I still find that the sculptural object is more exciting in itself, as the vehicle of abstract forces, than as the *image* of a woman. Nevertheless that previous worrying dichotomy has been overcome.

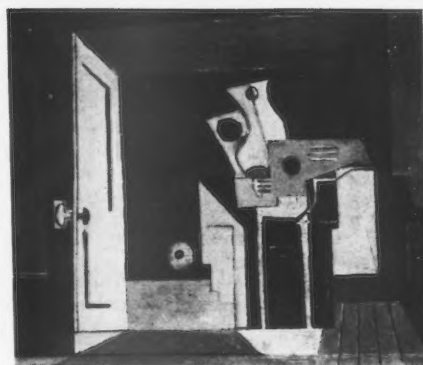
WITH Scott, I must say, I have never felt capable of driving a wedge between form and content, between idea and object. To my mind, his artistic intelligence is as profound and as intuitive as that of any painter living—who is junior, perhaps one should say, to Picasso! His most recent canvases are ostensibly still lifes in which jug forms or casserole forms occur again and again, up the face of the picture, with something of the rhythmic recurrence of granite lumps in the face of an old wall. Sometimes their handles are there; sometimes they aren't: sometimes, that is, the round-square lozenge becomes the explicit symbol of the domestic pot

in question, and sometimes it remains a mysteriously unidentified oblong—a lozenge-object floating in the magic spaces of the painting. Scott's great subtlety and power now stem from his ability to balance opposite forces, opposite speeds of execution and feeling (as it were), opposite significances within the same idiom. In his new pictures he is reconciling the figurative and the nonfigurative in an entirely new way, a way that causes no slackening in the pure *energy* of the nonfigurative gesture and yet involves no dilution of the evocative intensity when it is the physical presence of a jug (or nude) that he is concerned with. Late Bonnard is his nearest *rhythmic* counterpart: yet, all within the same statement, a Tachist speed (and thinness of pigment) is evident and a Dubuffet-ish slowness (and thickness) also! At the risk, yet again, of being taken for a chauvinist, I will put it on record that I believe that William Scott's new amalgam of the figurative and the nonfigurative is the most important contribution to have been made to the problem of rediscovering a vital new mode of figuration since De Staël made his last, and far too speedy, assault on this superlatively difficult theme.

IN the John Moores Liverpool Exhibition, taking place this autumn at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, a competition open to all artists living in Great Britain has resulted in twin Social Realist victories, Jack Smith winning the first prize of a thousand pounds in the section for painters over thirty-six, and John Bratby winning the first prize in the junior section. An amusing sequel to this further demonstration of Social Realist strength\* in official critical circles here was that Smith put on his first "abstract" show at the Beaux Arts Gallery (London) a few days after his painting of shirts drying on kitchen chairs had won the Liverpool award! An exhibition of Vieira da Silva at the Hanover Gallery turned out not to be a show of recent canvases so much as a minute retrospective.

At the Tate two new portraits by Sutherland—both of Miss Helena Rubinstein—have been loaned by the owners and are on view—why, it is difficult to say. They are no improvement on his previous portraits of important persons; and all his portraits are insignificant. In fact, they represent the metamorphosis of a once interesting talent into a portrait painter of imperfect academic qualifications. It is extraordinary. To Gallery One, off the beaten track, in Soho, came paintings made by Henri Michaux under the influence of mescaline. At Roland, Browse and Delbanco, Henry Moore drawings, plus a new bronze of a figure lying on some heavy steps; also paintings by Pajetta. At the Redfern, flower paintings by various hands, from Christopher Wood and Derain to Ivon Hitchens. At the Leicester Galleries new paintings by John Piper, Nora McGuinness and Moroni. At the Crane Kalman Gallery, paintings of Stockport, in industrial Lancashire, by Alan Lowndes—quite rich and not too Sunday Painterish. Another new gallery—the Lord's Gallery near Lord's Cricket Ground: abstract paintings by Adrian Heath (loosening further and further away from Poliakoff) and by Don Fink, an American painter—living in Paris; also, open sculpture by John Hoskin. Finally—let us salute Ben Nicholson for winning yet another international prize, that for the best painting by a foreign artist at this year's São Paulo Bienal! In the last few years Nicholson has won major prizes at Venice, Milan, Tokyo, Pittsburgh; and, of course, the Guggenheim Award.

\*In fairness it must be said that Ceri Richards and Victor Pasmore obtained the second and third prizes respectively, Sir Matthew Smith being awarded one of the "consolation" prizes of a hundred pounds.



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1930

L'ESCALIER  
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BY JOHN LUCAS

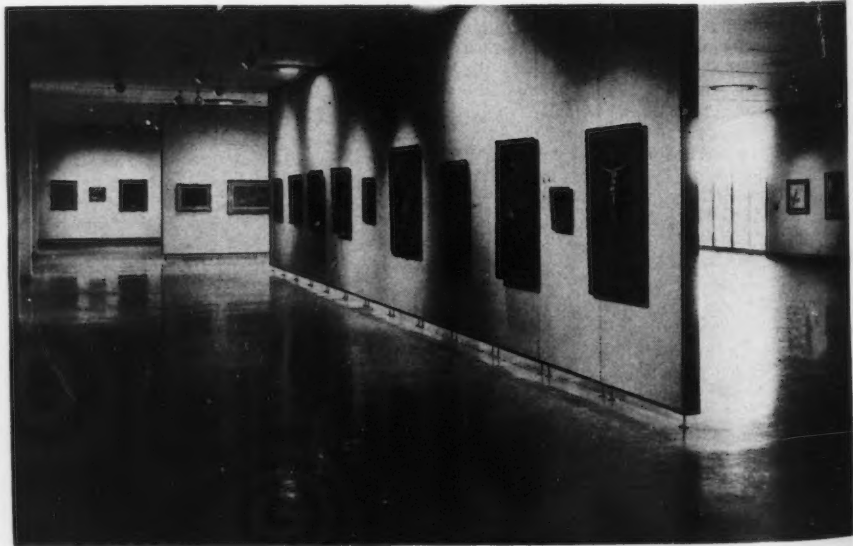
ALONG with thousands of other Minnesotans, I am proud of the Midwest's new prowess and eager to see the hick charge stick in Yankee throats, I went to Milwaukee the first week in October for the Series. Housman was certainly right. Malt does more than Milton can to justify God's ways to man. So does Matthews on occasion. And it was beer, not art, that made Milwaukee famous. To be sure, neither Schlitz alone nor that old combination of Miller to Blatz to Pabst had managed to make this place an artistic center. For years it remained a minor outpost, a farm team feeding its most ardent art- and music-lovers to Chicago but never drawing any in exchange. Now, however, things are different. With the opening in September of the War Memorial Center, designed by Eero Saarinen to take full advantage of Lake Michigan's sporty shoreline, the Milwaukee Art Institute at last joined the majors. Though it may not be ready for some time to compete with the eastern division—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore—its inaugural exhibition served notice to fans from everywhere that the seat of Schnitzelbank and Wiener Schnitzel is no longer a cultural whistle-stop on the Milwaukee Road.

A score of works belonging to the Institute—fourteen Rembrandt etchings, five Goya etchings and a Picasso pastel—provided no more than a nucleus for this show. Local contributors supplied four more. For the rest Director Dwight culled the entire country, tapping sixty-six sources altogether, picking twenty pieces from various individual collections and three times that number from private galleries or public museums. Among the latter he drew with special success upon all the other clubs in the Western circuit. Detroit furnished a Rembrandt; Chicago, a Goya; Kansas City, a Van Gogh; Cleveland, a Goya and a Picasso; St. Louis, a Greco, a Goya and a Van Gogh; Cincinnati, a Greco, a Rembrandt, a Goya and a Cézanne. Clearly this is big-league stuff, particularly since over sixty were oils and not one in more than a hundred lacked unusual interest.

Most suggestive was the selection and disposition of the painters. In his foreword to the splendid catalogue Dwight merely maintained: "The unity of the works of these six men is their individuality and originality, vigor and monumentality." One could say as much for any half-dozen masters chosen at random. Obviously this group had in common an immense general appeal, an attraction not inappropriate for an initial exposition. Less apparent on paper but immediately clear once upon the walls was the opportunity for comparison and contrast that such a show could provide. I suspect, from the ingenious confrontations and juxtapositions, that Dwight knew all along what he had. "This," he might have said of Rembrandt and Van Gogh, "is the way an old Dutchman and a much later one handled the problem of landscape." Or of Goya and Picasso: "Here is how two Spaniards, nearly a century and a half apart, depicted human misery." Or again of Greco and Cézanne: "Note the different formal principles involved in *St. Francis at Prayer* and *Portrait of Boyer*, to say nothing of their dissimilarity in treatment of attitude and use of color." Cézanne at any rate smiled serenely across at Picasso, as Van Gogh spanned the space between; Goya rubbed etchings with Rembrandt, while El Greco hung off by himself. Indeed there was no end to it. Themes and media and techniques and temperaments and nationalities and periods were all there for the painstaking—and with quality, so consistently high every effort was well worth making. Milwaukee has seen a *Susanna* unique in Rembrandt's dramatic heightening and a *Seated Woman* unique in Picasso's contemplative softening. Not even Burdette was better than this.

AND now, aching to get into the act, Minneapolis is seeking to secure a major franchise for its brand-new big-league ballpark. It already has the Lakers—also of course Doc Evans and Antal Dorati, the Walker Art Center and the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. From the

The Inaugural Exhibition at the Milwaukee Art Institute.





latter Milwaukee borrowed an El Greco and a Van Gogh, could have had a Rembrandt and a Goya and a Cézanne as well. Dwight called too on Director Davis for a Van Gogh ink sketch of his own. Largely responsible for the Institute's superb recent acquisitions, Davis lately unveiled an extraordinary Monet display, opening in St. Louis the last week of September and closing in Minneapolis the first day of December. The catalogue, as complete as the show was comprehensive, contains more than a hundred items—including seven rare drawings together with Monet's last palette—assembled with incredible care from all over the world and installed in the most instructive fashion conceivable. Several were even cleaned for the occasion—a genuine blessing since, as Davis says, "Nothing is worse than a dirty Monet!" To make it perfect, an all-star battery was gathered to make a pitch for the painter. After throwing out the first ball himself Davis was relieved in turn by Albert Elsen, Meyer Schapiro, Francesca Paciotti, Herbert Read and Oskar Kokoschka among others. And as if that were not enough, relevant films were shown throughout the series.

This exhibition did for us at least as much as the large show at the Edinburgh Festival, brilliantly treated by Patrick Heron in the November issue of ARTS, must have done for British recognition of Monet. My personal reaction was, nevertheless, the very reverse of Heron's. He found the late Monets not abstract enough. Regarding the five "Water Lily" panels mounted in Minneapolis, I recalled my intense disappointment at passing some years ago from the Monet room in the Jeu de Paume occupied only by "Rouen Cathedrals" to the galleries in the Orangerie devoted exclusively to "Giverny Ponds." It was as if I had inadvertently put down Yeats and picked up Robinson, or as if I had gone to *Daphnis and Chloë* expecting to hear the *Goldberg Variations*. I have never recovered from the shock. However much I appreciate the superiority of Monet's 1912 to his 1899 *Japanese Bridge*, his "Cathedrals" alone really move me. The pair here simply confirm this response. I prefer the *Hortense* of Degas, the *Dining Room* of Bonnard and the *Port of Seurat*—all permanently at the Institute—to Monet's figures, interiors and harbors. I likewise prefer Pissarro's *Paris* and Renoir's *Venice*, Cézanne's *Chestnuts* and Van Gogh's *Olives*—also in Minneapolis—to their close counterparts in the work of Monet. But for me his "Cathedrals" remain supreme. I wish I knew why. A clue may consist in the fact that there are no late Monet drawings.

Nearly sixty years separated the *Coastal View* belonging to Minneapolis from the *Water Lilies* belonging to St. Louis. One presents a sweeping scene on a small canvas, the other a tiny segment on a huge surface. The first reveals an equal interest in structure and texture but offers nothing original, while the second insists on the importance of fabric at the expense of form, yet inevitably represents thereby the ultimate Monet. Midway between these two came the *Rouen Cathedral* from the Durand-Ruel Collection, midway not merely in time but also in size of subject and canvas. It seems to me easily the finest of the three. I do not deny that Monet had to go on, concentrating and magnifying more and more, indulging and developing his special gifts. I simply maintain that, though his "Water Lilies" are his *Finnegans Wake*, his "Cathedrals" are his *Ulysses*. They have all that is best in Monet and none of the worst. Here the texture neither supports nor supplants the structure: the fabric and the form are one. To find conventional construction in Monet we must return to the *Louvre Garden* of 1866, with its green diamond all set for a game. Monet left the bush leagues when he went to Rouen, and when he reached Minneapolis the Midwest joined the majors.

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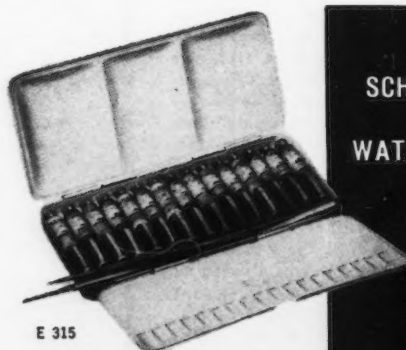
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# BOOKS

**The Expressionists** by Carl Zigrosser. George Braziller. \$10.00.

**Modern German Painting** by Hans Konrad Roethel. Reynal. \$7.50.

**German Expressionism and Abstract Art** by Charles L. Kuhn. Harvard University Press. \$7.85.

**German Expressionist Painting** by Peter Selz. University of California Press. \$18.50.

**The German Expressionists** by Bernard S. Myers. Frederick A. Praeger. \$15.00.

ONLY a year ago, unless you read German, you had to plow through general works of art or through periodicals for exact information on modern German art; the most recent work devoted entirely to it was a Museum of Modern Art catalogue of 1931, edited by Alfred H. Barr. Now you have, suddenly available, five American works on the subject—plus an English translation, *German Painting in Our Time*, by Gerhard Haendler, like the original published in Berlin—and the substantial recent catalogue of the Museum of Modern Art, *German Art of the 20th Century*.

Without speculating on the reasons behind the sudden vogue in America for German art (a vogue which might end the hegemony of the School of Paris), we will limit ourselves to an evaluation of the current books. The smallest, *The Expressionists*, contains over a hundred woodcuts, etchings and lithographs, mostly by Central European artists who came to the fore after 1900. The exceptions are prints by early German, Dutch and French masters who were, after a fashion, precursors of Expressionism, and works by several non-German moderns—such as Ensor, Henri Rousseau, Van Gogh, Munch, Picasso, Rouault, Chagall, Weber and Marin—that in varying degree reveal "Expressionist" features. Zigrosser, in his brief introduction, concedes that the Germans among the Expressionists were more "graphic-minded" than any other national group, and therefore play a most important role in the development of the modern print, but insists that even if *Expressionismus* started as a phenomenon in Germany before 1910, it struck root elsewhere, and is far from dead: "Even in the abstract field, the Abstract Expressionists, with their emphasis on interior movement and militant affirmation of personal sensibility, testify to its influence."

Roethel confines himself to German artists (though, actually, Kandinsky, Klee and Kokoschka were non-Germans). His richly illustrated book is particularly useful for its long excerpts from their writings. About 1905 the Brücke artists called upon youth "to rally, to win elbow room and the right to live our own lives away from the established older artists," addressing themselves to "all those . . . who mirror, direct and unadulterated, that which impels them to create." The most recent excerpt is from a technical book on color, by Ernst Wilhelm Nay, published in Munich in 1955.

Like Roethel's book, the volume compiled by Charles L. Kuhn goes far beyond the narrow limits of *Expressionismus* to include Corinth

(an Impressionist who only in his last years painted in a truly grand manner anticipating Expressionism), as well as Joseph Albers (the Bauhaus and Yale teacher, known for his purely abstract geometrical designs). It is primarily an illustrated catalogue of twentieth-century German paintings, sculptures, prints, drawings and illustrated books in the Harvard University collection. In a brief introductory article, "Survey of Modern German Art," Kuhn notes with satisfaction the new Germans' strong tendency toward greater and greater abstraction, wondering whether this nonfigurative, broad, free, expressive and truly international style is, indeed, anti-totalitarian in its theoretical basis, as some critics have claimed. Jakob Rosenberg contributes "German Graphic Art of the Twentieth Century." He does not treat the development since 1945 beyond observing that the young artists are indebted to the Brücke and Blaue Reiter artists, and other early pioneers.

The magna opera are provided by Peter Selz and Bernard S. Myers, authors of almost bewilderingly large books. While there is much overlapping, the tasks the authors have set themselves are somewhat different. Selz deliberately limits himself to a survey of the early, fighting years of Expressionism: "After the First World War, Expressionism became an accepted manner in Germany, and the early dramatic quality too often lapsed into a theatrical gesture." There are some valuable contributions not to be found elsewhere, especially the notes on German esthetic theories, German admiration for the Gothic style and for Grünewald, and on the early-nineteenth-century Romantic movement, all of which had their impact upon *Expressionismus*. While the Austrian Klimt is barely mentioned in Professor Myers' book, and the other important Austrian, Schiele, is ignored, Selz devotes several pages to these dynamic and so utterly un-Viennese Viennese whose style was very personal and bold. Kandinsky's esthetic theories are given all the space they deserve with their revolutionary emphasis on the emotional associations evoked in an observer by lines, colors and their combinations.

Myers covers a thicker slice of time. He offers little on the early nineteenth-century proto-Expressionists, and nothing on the great theoreticians, such as Semper, Fiedler, Wölfflin and Woringer, who helped the artist to throw off the yoke of the past. But whereas Selz focuses on the first two decades of this century and summarizes the subsequent years in a few final pages, Myers follows the Brücke and Blaue Reiter members into the Weimar Republic period. Artists like Grosz, Dix, Beckmann and the less widely known Schrimpf, Kanoldt and Schlemmer are included, even though, associated with New Objectivity or the Bauhaus, they do not quite fit the category. The story of German Post-Impressionist art is brought up to 1937, with due space given to the Nazi persecution of all progressive artists, and the final elimination by death of all great figures of the heroic years but Schmidt-Rottluff, Heckel, Dix and Kokoschka.

While the first three books, however valuable in many respects, do not enrich us by delving deeply into the documentary storehouse of *Ex-*  
*continued on page 66*

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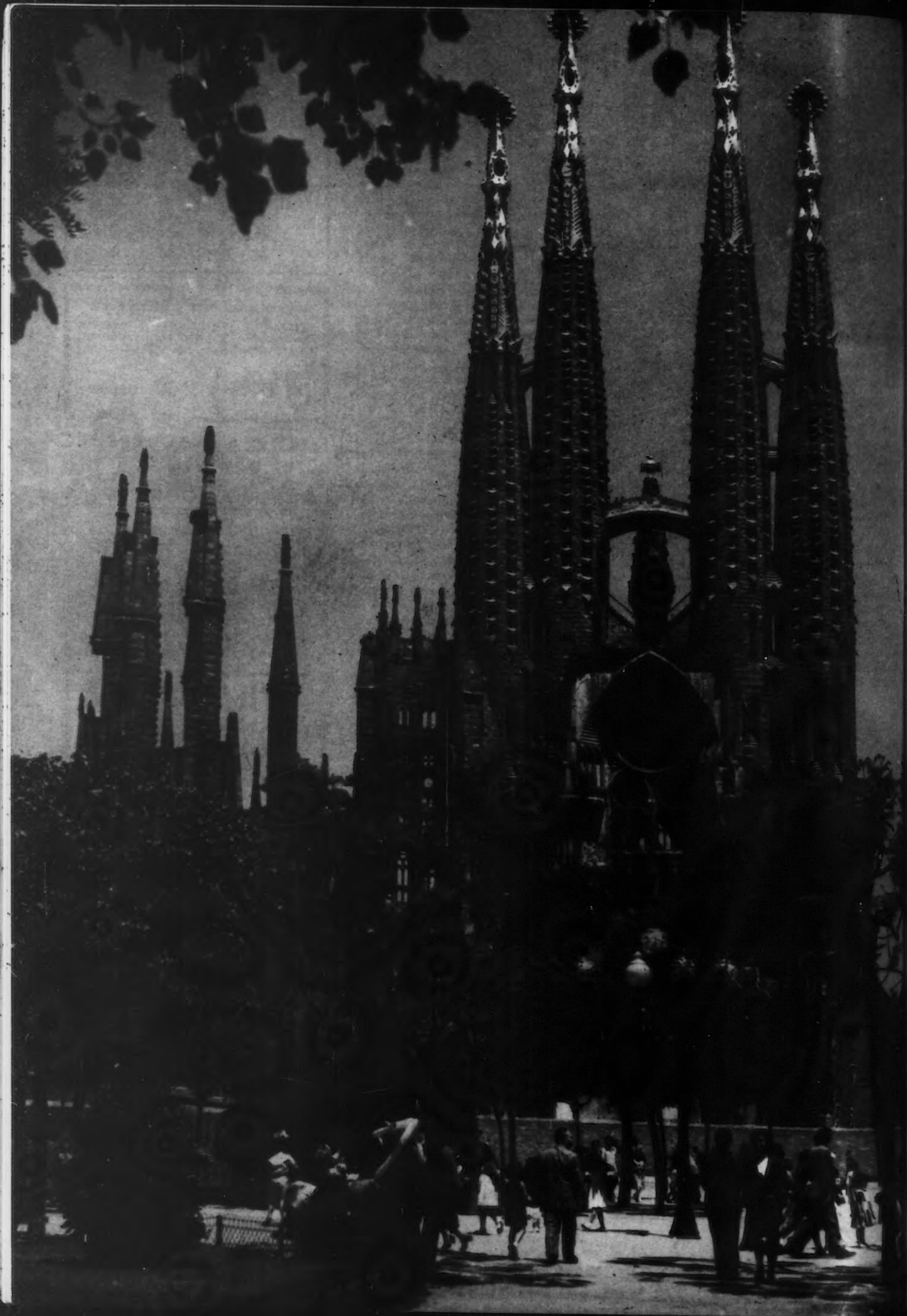
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Of all the masters of the modern movement in architecture, the Spaniard **Antonio Gaudí** (1852-1926) is in many ways the most singular. This month the Museum of Modern Art in New York opens an important exposition of his work, consisting of photographs, furniture and full-size casts of architectural details, selected by the American architectural historian and critic Henry-Russell Hitchcock. The installation has been designed by Arthur Drexler and Wilder Green, and will be on view from December 18 to February 23. Gaudí's native tradition as well as the particulars of his achievement are here discussed by an American writer living in Spain.

## GAUDIANISM IN CATALONIA

BY ANTHONY KERRIGAN

"FOR the first time since I had been in Barcelona I went to have a look at the cathedral—a modern cathedral, and one of the most hideous buildings in the world. It has four crenellated spires exactly the shape of hock bottles. Unlike most of the churches in Barcelona it was not damaged during the revolution—it was spared because of its 'artistic value,' people said. I think the Anarchists showed bad taste in not blowing it up when they had the chance, though they did hang a red and black banner between its spires."

If George Orwell was a "virtuous man," as Lionel Trilling suggests in his introduction to Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia* (from which the above quotation is taken), he was not a man who "looked lively" about him, to use another somewhat archaic phrase. For instance, although he was only a few hundred yards from the Mediterranean as he came and went in Barcelona, he did not catch a glimpse of the sea until he was sent as a militiaman into a tower across the street from the Café Moka during the fighting between Communists and Anarchists in the Barcelona streets in 1937. And in his description of the "cathedral," he is actually talking about the uncompleted Expiatory Temple of the Sacred Family, La Sagrada Familia, designed by the great Catalan architect Antonio Gaudí, at the opposite end of the city from the splendid (and Gothic) cathedral (which has no crenellated spires) completed five hundred years ago. Both structures are highly individualistic marvels, each in its own way, and luckily no one blew up either of them. Orwell's violent reaction against the Sagrada Familia is understandable, though; the structure calls for a strong reaction: an anarchist bomb might seem just right to people—not necessarily Orwell—for whom the Baroque, the Rococo, the Romantic are not at any time seductive excesses.

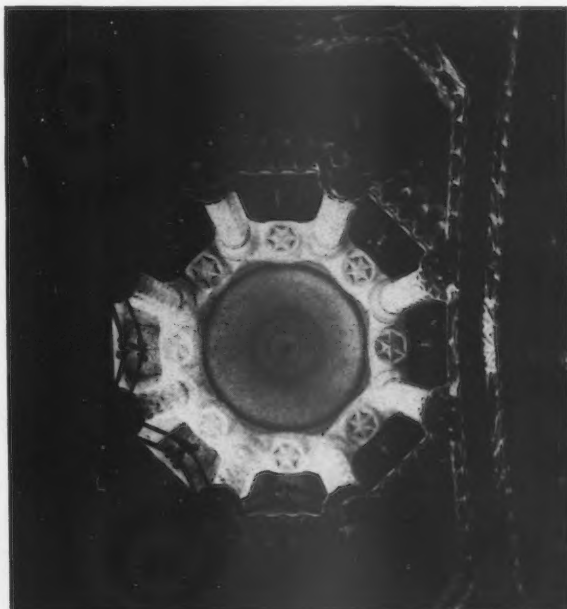
Catalonia is full of such excesses, from the anatomy-free bodies of the saints and the eye-strewn wings of the angels in the Museum of Catalan Art atop Montjuich to the hand-painted flowers on the toilet bowls of many a Barcelona and Catalan-coast *pensión*. Visible from every quarter of Barcelona, the Sagrada Familia is not only the summation of Gaudí's revolutionary career in the arts, but also a monument to Catalonia itself in the arts.

**G**AUDÍ never left Catalonia, and he is a quite legitimate son of its soil. He was born in the city of Reus in 1852, and at eighteen entered the Escuela Superior de Arquitectura in Barcelona, where he systematically failed various courses during the first two years. On graduation he worked on the shrine atop the glandular-shaped mountain of Montserrat (Wagner's model

for Montsalvat), and designed the gracefully planted street lamps still standing in the Plaza Real in Barcelona. He was in his early thirties when, after designing two manorial residences, he began his lifelong work on the Sagrada Familia.

Between 1885 and the turn of the century he created the great doors, pavilions and walls of the estate of the Count of Güell (Eusebio Güell y Bacigalupi, Gaudí's perennial patron); the Bishop's Palace at Astorga (León province); and the parabolic-arched Santa Teresa school. In 1898, the Count of Güell commissioned him to build a church adjoining the textile mills of the family outside Barcelona, a church that took sixteen years to build, and in 1900 Güell had him begin the design and landscaping of Güell Park in the hills surrounding Barcelona. All during these years he was laboring on the Sagrada Familia, and finally, in 1910, he concentrated his attention on this masterwork; still, from 1904 to 1914 he carried out such subsidiary projects as the supervision of the restoration work then in progress at the thirteenth-century cathedral of Palma, on the island of Mallorca.

In 1926, now a handsome white-maned and white-bearded figure—though considered by the generality of his compeers to be a disheveled and rather dirty eccentric—he was run over



Opposite page: *The Expiatory Temple of the Sacred Family (La Sagrada Familia)* in Barcelona. At right: An interior view of one of the cupolas.

## GAUDIANISM IN CATALONIA

by a trolley in the Plaza Tetuán, as he absently wandered toward a park there through the traffic. He died poor, in obscurity, alone in the world; when picked up off the street he bore no identification, and he was thought to be one of the city's numerous old beggars; his body was thrown, a little while later, among some other unidentified cadavers.

**T**HOUGH Catalonians themselves do not seem always to recognize the fact when thinking of Gaudí, there is nevertheless a bit of Gaudianism at every other street corner in Barcelona. No one has ever done a picture book on the rooftops of Barcelona (in the *Toits de Paris* vein), but the most casual photographic essay on this theme would reveal acres of ironwork and ceramic Baroque—which, although like all Baroque it has elements from an infinity of other places, is distinctly characteristic of the city. Next door to Gaudí's celebrated Casa Batlló is the Casa Amatller, a pastiche of Northern and Italian styles and almost as farfetched as its Gaudí neighbor; it is faced in color with the variegated tile of the region and given a contrasting texture by the ornamental iron of Catalonia. Across the street from the Casa Calvet by Gaudí one can look up and see, high above the sidewalk, some ironwork abstractions which suggest the outlines of figures by Julio Gonzalez, that other Catalonian genius in plasticity. To listen to the superb singing of the Orfeó Catalá (who sing the choral movement of Beethoven's Ninth in Catalan, as they do Bach's Mass in B Minor), one will sit in the Palacio de la Musica (1891-1908) beneath great winged and full-sized stone horses flying overhead.

As is only natural as a corollary to all this, at the Opera House one will hear the most devoted Wagnerian series offered in any large city in Europe, in tribute to a popular fervor which is now decades old. And surely the Catalonian art of pastry-making is one of the most exuberant of all activities, with creations like "Angel's Hair," "Nun's Sighs," etc. The Catalonian taste has always shown a fondness for lively and extravagant conduct in its artists (just as most of the rest of Spain, formal as it may be itself, regards the presence of the equivocal gypsies as a psychological necessity), and the Catalonian Dalí, whatever else he may be, is a great entertainer of his people. Dalí has lectured (in Catalan) before the staid and conservative membership of the Barcelona Athenaeum with a *tortilla* tied to the top of his head with a ribbon, and the hall was packed with army officers, priests and pedants

who roared with delight throughout his talk.

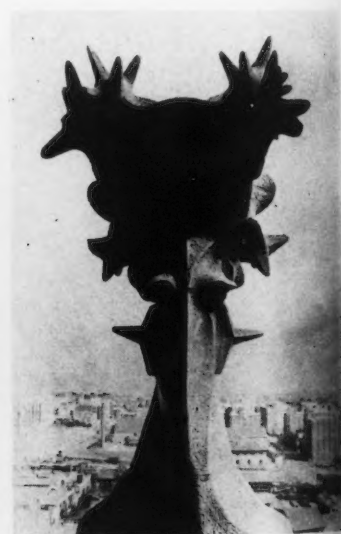
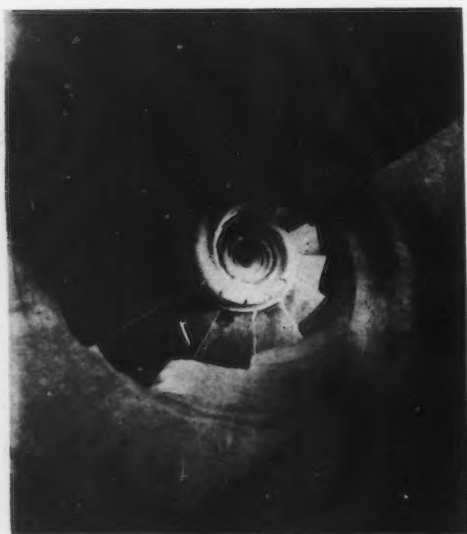
**I**N Palma de Mallorca, capital of the Balearic Islands, themselves a part of the Catalan-language area, there are varied traces of Gaudí's ten years of intermittent work on the interior of the great Gothic cathedral. Apart from the altarpieces and minor work which he produced, there are grottoes indented along the cliffs facing the harbor which show his influence in their incrustated ceramic decorations and strange use of earth elements; and eccentric châteaux scattered throughout the city bear evidence of the Catalonian taste for the controlled *bizarrie*, for the subtly clashing ceramic and tile decoration, for the unprecedented geometry of the design which led to Gaudí at the turn of the century.

In her *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, Gertrude Stein noticed the "cubist" look of Barcelona before the First World War, on her first trip to Spain, "a year or so after the beginning of cubism" in France:

We were very much struck . . . to see how naturally cubism was made in Spain. In the shops of Barcelona instead of post cards they had square little frames and inside it was placed a cigar, a real one, a pipe, a bit of handkerchief etcetera, all absolutely the arrangement of many a cubist picture and helped out by cut paper representing other objects. That is the modern note that in Spain has been done for centuries.

And even before Catalonian-formed Picasso and Juan Gris from Madrid and the others came to Paris to share their Spanish secret, Gaudí had already completed some of his most advanced work. The *fin-de-siècle* ambience of Barcelona (which elsewhere produced Art Nouveau, Modern Style or Jugendstil, all related, and all definable in the same terms) nurtured Picasso and Julio Gonzalez, but that ambience was partially created by Gaudí himself. What is perhaps more important, the earlier Expressionism is still in dramatic evidence. Work proceeds at a medieval pace on the Sagrada Familia (there are three full-time architects and small crews of workmen steadily employed), and in the summer of 1956, following a municipal subsidy for the months-long Gaudí exhibition—in the ancient regal palace next door to the old Gothic cathedral—the city agreed to carry out a program of renovation at the Parque Güell. In anything that concerns Gaudí the greatest respect is shown, as for instance in the repair of Casa Batlló in 1955, when fidelity to Gaudí's original building was carefully preserved.

Below: A spiral staircase and two finials from *La Sagrada Familia*.



ON first sight, if one has not yet come into contact with analogous elements in Catalonian architecture and decoration, Gaudí's masterpiece, the Sagrada Familia, is likely to seem the largest Expressionist stage setting in Christendom (particularly since, without a nave behind it, the façade looks like a false front). The madhouse in *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* was obvious in its intention compared to the cluster of great stone croziers, or crooks (Orwell's "hock bottles"), looming above the difficult perspectives afforded by irregular and dizzying recesses. Orwell apparently did not notice the unfinished state of the "cathedral" (if it is ever finished it may actually be designated the new cathedral of Barcelona, or so the "Guadianistas" proclaim). In any case, however, the effect would not be lessened if the total building were there, for the model of the finished structure is more hallucinatory than the portion now standing. The completed Sagrada Familia would probably outrage more people than ever. As in any Romantic fragment, its incomplete state is not a detracting element to its purpose.

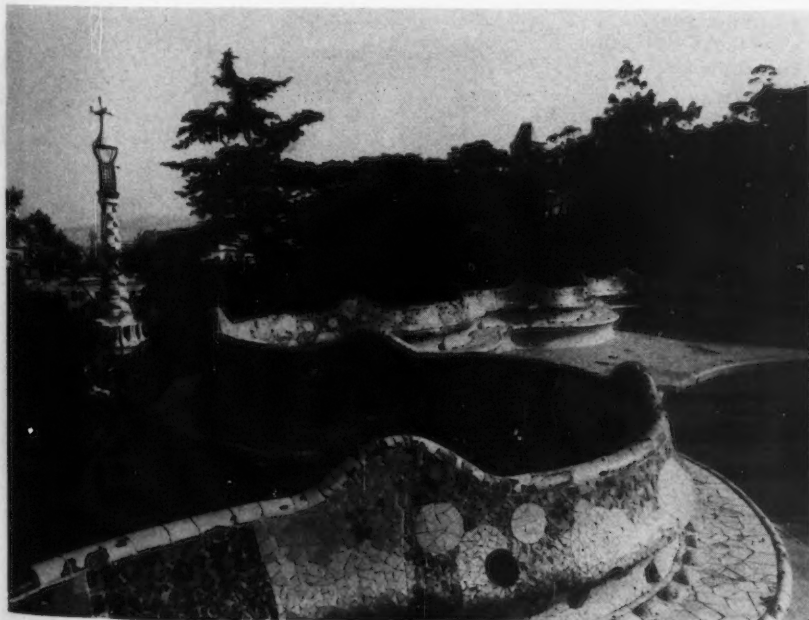
However, Gaudí's instinct for the organic led him toward an infinitely detailed and living architectural whole. He worked with every material at hand, and in a manner relating him to the Catalonian Joan Miró and his sometime fellow-Barcelonese Pablo Picasso. When Gaudí could not procure the necessary mosaic for his planned designs in the benches at the Parque Güell because of a strike, he bought up lots of warehoused dishes (on credit), and smashed them for use where and how he wanted them. This expedient may not be as spontaneous as Picasso's rubbishy goat at Antibes or his toy-car-headed *Baboon*, but it was in a similarly inventive vein. Gaudí differs from Miró on this point in that none of the architect's experiments in materials, in stone sculpture or decoration, were conceived apart from the organic setting for his natural creation. Miró, in his recent rock and ceramic work in the Catalonian countryside north of Barcelona, apparently aimed at making abstracted and quasi-animistic inventions, re-creations of rocks and natural debris in an illuminated and portable format.

WHEN these Miró creations were spread about in the rooms of the Galerie Maeght in Paris last year, they no longer bore any relation to anything but themselves. The isolated phalli on some of the rocks were reminiscent of the common Mallorcan *pitos* (*xiurells*, in Mallorcan), descendants of the



Church at the Colonia Güell.

A view of Parque Güell. In the background (with cross) is the gatekeeper's house.



Inclined columns at Parque Güell.





## GAUDIANISM IN CATALONIA

Phoenician phallic figures (found in great profusion in the Balearic Islands, specifically in Ibiza, where great numbers are to be seen in the Archeological Museum). In the modern *pitos*, the sexual symbol is placed anywhere about the figure—anywhere but in the right place, in relation to the human anatomy—and this casual placing of the phallus is practiced by Miró. The *pitos*, in any case, are charm whistles, and Miró's pieces are innocent of any such, albeit small, spiritual function. Photographs taken at the scene of operations—the farm of Llorens Artigas the potter—and published in the Spanish and foreign press, make obvious that when the stones are placed in a local context, when they are seen fitted into a cave opening or up against a clump of surrounding vegetation, they give the feeling of having been put together by a man overcome by the insistent quality of the materials at hand—just as do the field-stone clumps of figures in Gaudí's park in the hills above Barcelona. But where Gaudí's ugly-as-earth caryatids in the Parque Güell support an improbable dirt road over which vehicles pass on top of their heads, Miró's creations give the appearance, in Paris, of being the remains of some absent whole, suggestively communicated fragments of meaning, expressed in a semaphore at several more removes from our life than the arrows and phalli at Lascaux. Gaudí quarried the rock at hand in his nightmare "children's" Parque Güell (where even adults are likely to be seized by a vague unease in the whirlpool of columns which hold up the "park," itself suspended in air with its load of children on its back). At the Güell Colony, his rock sculptures and columns were laced with native black volcanic stone by way of decoration, and wherever circumstances allowed him he made use of collages of broken ceramic ware. Gaudí's use of near-to-hand trash, his "*feísmo*" (uglyism), is actually closer to that of the Catalan-born Picasso than to that of the native Catalan Miró.

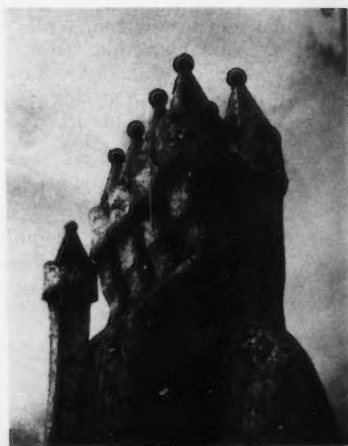
As early as 1948, in the workers' colony of the Güell textile mill at Santa Coloma de Cervelló, Gaudí used the scraps from the mill to build a little-known but highly imaginative church for the colony's use. Large iron textile-machine needles were joined to serve as grillwork for the butterfly-form and butterfly-colored stained-glass windows (whose wings open out in more ways than the less recondite model). For his holy-water stoups or fonts, he used enormous clamshells whose undulating lines suggest layers of flowing water. Like the trees of the surrounding terrain, his columns inclined and turned about as they "grew" toward the roof, to the point where they would hold up his famous hyperbolic-parabolic vaults. His finest ceramic work is to be found here at this church, in a decoration which serves by way of tympanum. Both Gaudí and Miró have shown a similar interest in ceramic decoration, and Picasso has made his own particular use of the same medium. And the same three artists have displayed a characteristic obsession with the earth around them, even when it is in the form of debris. Gaudí's never-ceasing preoccupation with forged iron connects him with the tradition that produced the Catalan ironworker Julio Gonzalez, a tradition that extends back to the Moors of an earlier Spain.

WHAT constitutes the spirit of Gaudíanism which is in such evidence in Catalonia? A climb up inside one of the dizzying spires of the Sagrada Familia might uncover the mystery, and might serve as a symbolic pilgrimage in search of this spirit. A climb in Giotto's Tower at the Duomo in Florence would probably not reveal anything about the Renaissance, except for the resulting view one would get of the surrounding Florentine landscape, and of the classic buildings which dot it. In itself, Giotto's Tower is an architectural decoration, classically fitted as an adornment and bell tower to the great cathedral. But to climb within the Sagrada Familia reveals all the secret of the building, and not only to the eye, which finds decoration and carved stone in hidden recesses, as if they had been put there for angels or flying demons to contemplate; one also discovers some secrets of hallucinatory knowledge in space, the vision of twisted perspectives, all the romance of cliffs and dangerous heights. For



Courtesy Foto Mas, Barcelona

Above: The *Casa Batlló* in Barcelona, built from 1905 to 1910. At right: A view of the chimneys.



At left: A detail view of the façade of the *Casa Milà* in Barcelona. Opposite page: The *Casa Milà*, built from 1905 to 1910.

at every turning there is a message of life and death, a suggestion of seductive suicide outlaced by the triumphant suggestiveness of redemption.

La Sagrada Familia is a living poem—and one can scarcely resist the temptation to call it one more piece of Spanish Existential poetry in the Unamunian vein, for it offers its dire choices endlessly. In short, it embodies the mystery of deliberately distorted vision and romantic illusion, nature as seen far off in the perspective afforded by twisted peaks or from the interior of a cave. Giotto's Tower offers a candid view of its surroundings, an undistorted view from several platform heights; and there are no hidden and suggestive decorations at unexpected sites to distract the clarity of the mind, and no sudden shoots or dangerous falls thrust suddenly before the eye as if to suggest one's mortal danger and precarious position in the face of God and nature. In the heights of La Sagrada Familia, on the other hand, one is confronted with the terror of Romance.

**T**RUE Baroque is decorative for its own end, and on the rooftop of the Casa Milá (and, to a lesser extent, of the Casa Batlló, or Palacio Güell), where only an occasional maid will go to hang out clothes, there are stone carvings, most of them invisible from the street, for the chimneys, air vents, stair openings are sculptured in stone: abstractions which variously resemble armored knights, giants' jowls, clowns' hats and horns, colored mushrooms, shellfish. Most of the forms are purely abstract in intention, bearing a relation only to the architecture which they decorate (or simply complement). The workshop area around Sagrada Familia is still littered with giant snails designed by Gaudí, for affixing to the façade.

As good a symbol as any of Gaudianism in Barcelona is the green and red macaw which the tenant of the first floor of the Casa Milá (the widow Milá herself, wife of the millionaire who commissioned the building back in 1905) with incisive intuition and by way of interpreting in her own way the spirit of the architecture, kept for years on a perch on the balcony in plain view of all the promenaders along the elegant Paseo de Gracia. And this exotic bird possesses its own peculiar history as a symbol. Another Catalanian, the celebrated art critic and writer (in French, Spanish and Catalan) Eugenio d'Ors, in his little book on the Prado, uses a parrot as the symbol at which he points an accusing finger as the bearer of all nonclassic infection. Rubens was the first culpable artist of the modern age: the lush colorist who let the firm flesh of the blameless statues sag, who brought art to an overripe maturity, also brought the shrill, discordant note of exoticism. The Spanish, particularly susceptible, were exposed to foreign Baroque very early. And in the Prado there is an Adam and Eve in which there appears this symbol of the new corrupting lushness: "... among the trees, a parrot has appeared . . ." (original italics). And this bird was a harbinger of Romanticism, inspired, in Spain, by the new discoveries in the East and the tropical lands of America: Romanticism, "brought—how shall I say—by the parrot that Rubens surreptitiously introduced into the still classical Paradise of Titian."

In Barcelona, D'Ors might have observed the bird we mention, the gigantic wide-winged, vividly hued macaw. From far down the boulevard he would have been able to catch the note of shrill color in the building: instead of the customary static Gaudian ceramic collage, a green, red and gilt macaw undulating its wings in mockery of the wavy lines of the structure.



Courtesy Foto Mar, Barcelona

tail view  
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*An exhibition of artists from the San Francisco Bay Area, emphasizing their common interest in a figurative style, tours museums in California and Ohio.*

## FIGURATIVE PAINTERS IN CALIFORNIA



David Park, *INTERIOR*.



Richard Diebenkorn, *STILL LIFE*.

**E**ARLIER this season the Oakland Art Museum in Oakland, California, placed on view an exhibition entitled "Contemporary Bay Area Figurative Painting," directed by Mr. Paul Mills, the Museum's curator. It consisted of recent paintings by twelve artists of the area who, despite differences of age, background and esthetic development, had come to have a common interest in a mode of figurative painting based on the plastic innovations of the Abstract-Expressionist art which had flourished in San Francisco during the preceding decade. The twelve artists were Elmer Bischoff, Joseph Brooks, William A. Brown, Richard Diebenkorn, Robert Downs, Bruce McGaw, David Park, Robert Qualters, Walter Snelgrove, Henry Villierme, Jim Weeks and Paul Wonner.

"The artists included," Mr. Mills writes in a commentary for the exhibition catalogue, "range from older artists of established reputation to younger artists some of whom are just recently out of school. They all live in the bay area. . . . It is not an all-inclusive survey of every young painter currently involving himself with new methods in figurative painting. . . . I have, of course, been very selective, and I would rather have this exhibition be thought of as a kind of introductory sampling rather than a definitive survey."

Audiences in other areas of the country—and above all in New York—may have some difficulty in distinguishing the specifically "California" elements in this new work, or indeed, in distinguishing it from similar efforts which they may have noted among artists in their own home ground. The audience for this new painting will also want to determine whether, as Mr. Mills' interesting catalogue text (containing many quotations from the artists on their esthetic intentions) implicitly claims, it represents a new pictorial strength or, as its adversaries have argued, it is merely a new failure of nerve in the face of the challenge which the so-called "heroic" period of American abstract painting laid before a younger generation.

Whatever the answers to these questions, more and more audiences are having a look at this new work. Last month the original Oakland exhibition was on view at the Los Angeles County Museum, with the addition of the Park and Diebenkorn paintings from the collection of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr. Diebenkorn's new paintings will be shown later this season in New York at the Poindexter Gallery. And in January the exhibition (including the works in Mr. Chrysler's collection) will begin an Eastern tour with a showing at the Dayton Art Institute, Dayton, Ohio.





*Walter Snelgrove, INTERIOR WITH FIGURES.*



*Paul Wonner, THE GLIDER.*

*Elmer Bischoff, FIGURE IN LANDSCAPE.*





*Charles Willson Peale, PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON;  
courtesy the Brooklyn Museum.*

## **“FACE OF AMERICA”**

*A major exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum  
retraces the varied history of our national portraiture.*



**John Durand**, *THE RAPALJE CHILDREN*; courtesy New York Historical Society.

CURRENTLY featured at the Brooklyn Museum is "Face of America," an exhibition of one hundred portraits spanning the history of the nation from the early eighteenth century to the present day. The paintings, which will remain on display through January 26, have been brought together from thirty-two museums and eleven private collections in many parts of the country. The entire presentation is the result of long research by John Gordon, Curator of Paintings and Sculpture at the museum, who has not only organized and installed the show but also compiled the accompanying illustrated catalogue. The principle of selection has been, in Mr. Gordon's words, "quality of painting rather than historical importance of the subject."

While restricted to a single genre, "Face of America" nonetheless suggests the outlines of the history of painting on this continent, and especially the changing relation of painting to society. It was in the early decades of the eighteenth century that painting in this country may be said to have begun, and this first florescence is represented in the exhibition by such works as Smibert's *Captain James Gooch* and the anonymous *John van Cortlandt* and *Lavinia van Vechten*. European influences are of course strongly in evidence. Many of the artists at this period had come from Europe, and native-born painters imitated their work, or else used European engravings for models. Yet a distinctive directness seems to assert itself in early American work—in part the result perhaps of the sign- and wagon-painting that most artists were forced to do in order to survive.

The lot of the artist was clearly not an easy one. It was only with the advent of the Federal period, the time of Stuart, Peale and Allston, that painters found a respected role, in the depiction of eminent citizens. Portraiture continued as the chief artistic interest of Americans through the nineteenth century, and then declined. In turn-of-the-century work, Sargent's society portrait seems an anachronism, divorced from reality; the vital interests of society and art had parted company. Since then, portraitists have confined themselves largely to paintings of themselves, their families or fellow artists—not as a matter of choice, but by way of adaptation to an unsympathetic environment.



Above: **Alfred Maurer**, *SELF-PORTRAIT*; courtesy Walker Art Center, Minneapolis. Below: **Robert Henri**, *THE MASQUERADE DRESS*; courtesy Miss Violet Organ.





# *A Christmas Portfolio of Religious Drawings by* **REMBRANDT**

COMMENTARY BY ALFRED WERNER

REMBRANDT was neither a philosopher nor a theologian. "God-intoxicated" like his compatriot Baruch Spinoza, the artist was certainly less logical, less rationalistic than his younger contemporary. Despite all the investigations by such eminent scholars as Neumann, Weisbach, Rosenberg and Benesch, no precise information as to the painter's religious beliefs and practices has yet been uncovered. His few letters do not touch upon such final matters as death, resurrection, immortality and judgment. From his artistic legacy alone we must surmise that he was a deeply religious man who felt himself bound to an invisible God.

We know, of course, a good deal about his milieu. His mother was a pious woman, and her son often portrayed her reading the Bible. In all probability he was reared in the Calvinist church. But biographical details cast doubt upon his continuance as a member of this church in his mature years, and his *oeuvre* demonstrates that he must have had little taste for the rigor of its discipline, for the severity of Predestination.

As an independent artist he had reason to be wary of Holland's official religion. It was impossible for him to believe that God and the *dramatis personae* of the Scriptures would be profaned through pictorial representation. Calvinism forbade art to religion in any capacity; hence there was not much demand for religious art. Yet a Protestant he certainly was, the first to represent in the fine arts the rebellious creed which had banned the intermediaries between God and man and had called for direct relationships between the Creator and his creatures. Rembrandt was the first to interpret the Biblical stories in accordance with his conscience as an artist and as a man.

Biographers have studied his works—especially the drawings which, inevitably, are freer, more spontaneous than a finished oil or etching can be—to find a clue as to which of the sects flourishing in seventeenth-century Holland may have claimed the artist's allegiance. Did his connection with the Mennonites go beyond occasional attendance at their meetings? Indeed, he might have felt at ease with people who stressed the sanctity of life and refused to lift the sword against their fellow men, who abhorred fanaticism and accepted no authority but the

Bible—exhaustively discussed in meetinghouses—and the enlightened conscience.

But Rembrandt's creed could not be limited to Love of God and Love of Man. It also contained a strong mystical element. The term "mystery" is derived from the Greek *myein*, to shut the eyes, and in much of Rembrandt's religious art the artist seems to have "shut his eyes" deliberately in order to perceive, with greater clarity, the inner light. One may speculate to what extent Rembrandt's "painterly" style can be traced to a possible saturation with the mysticism of the German, Jakob Böhme. On the one hand, all strokes are interwoven into a complexity, into one single movement that cannot be disentangled; all the broken lines are united into a whole, to be absorbed in their totality, and the single object has no significance except as part of an integral fact. On the other hand, there is a constant dramatic interplay of planes, of matter, light and dark—just as in the writings of Böhme (promoted in Holland by the societies of Böhmenists) there is the juxtaposition of light and dark to exemplify thesis and antithesis, Good and Evil, God and the Devil. In Rembrandt's *chiaroscuro*, could the light, concentrating on the central face, mean anything but a symbol of goodness piercing the evil?

Yet whatever sect Rembrandt may have joined, so universal is the humanity of his art that it can be enjoyed by Christians of all denominations, by Jews, Mohammedans, polytheists, even atheists—all but the most pedestrian materialists. Into some of Rembrandt's religious paintings impurities found their way, but all coarseness, all theatricality or grandiloquence is absent from his drawings, especially the late ones, characterized by Otto Benesch as "a *summum* of dematerialization and spiritualization." While many were preparatory sketches for paintings or etchings, most were independent and complete works in themselves. Very often no etching or painting corresponding to a particular drawing is in existence, or is known ever to have existed. In seventeenth-century Holland there was not much of a market for "finished" religious art, and during Rembrandt's lifetime drawings on religious subjects (and, for that matter, any drawings) were hardly salable—the

*continued on page 39*



courtesy Musée Communal, Besançon

The Annunciation (*ca.* 1635).

*A Christmas Portfolio of Religious Drawings by Rembrandt*



courtesy Kunsthalle, Bremen

*The Annunciation (ca. 1655-56).*





courtesy the Louvre, Paris

The Visitation (*ca.* 1655-57).

*A Christmas Portfolio of Religious Drawings by Rembrandt*



courtesy Kunsthalle, Hamburg

*The Annunciation to the Shepherds (ca. 1640-42).*



courtesy Graphische Sammlung, Munich

The Annunciation to the Shepherds (*ca.* 1640-42).



*A Christmas Portfolio of Religious Drawings by Rembrandt*



The Annunciation to the Shepherds (ca. 1655-56).



courtesy library of Turin

The Adoration of the Magi (*ca.* 1642-43).

courtesy Graphische Sammlung, Munich



The Adoration of the Magi (ca. 1657).



## A Christmas Portfolio of Religious Drawings by Rembrandt

continued from page 30

time when connoisseurs would bid fortunes for them was still far away. Yet more than six hundred drawings on Old and New Testament subjects have come down to us—and who knows how many hundreds have been destroyed, through accidents or through carelessness, in the three centuries since Rembrandt's death? It is obvious, then, that Rembrandt's unceasing activity in this so utterly "noncommercial" realm was due solely to his own inclination.

**D**URING his lifetime, all but a few pupils and friends (the only collectors of his drawings) would have been baffled by his preferences among religious themes. So often and so lovingly did he design Old Testament scenes that some writers even implied, in the face of existing counterevidence, that Rembrandt preferred the Old Testament to the New. At any rate, the patriarchs, Moses, David, Solomon and others have nothing of the superhuman qualities bestowed upon them by Michelangelo, nor do they suffer from the effeminate sweetness that often mars the figures envisaged by Raphael; they, as well as the Old Testament women, are very believable human figures. Coming to the New Testament, we find no rendering of such ghoulish subjects as purgatory and hell, nor do we find a heaven crowded with angels. Episodes from the childhood of Christ are, on the whole, preferred to Christ's tragic last hours. Earlier masters had often shown ugly caricatures of Jews torturing Christ, but Rembrandt eschewed this motif; had he treated it, his gentle nature could not have ridiculed a people by burlesque exaggeration or distortion.

His neighbors would have been even more distressed by the treatment of the themes. In his graphic work, as elsewhere, there is no room for propaganda. If there is an aureole around Christ's head, it is so faint as to be barely visible; Jesus is a serene, benign teacher. Departing from the idealized figures in traditional religious art, Rembrandt used everyday men and women, often Jewish types discovered in the Ghetto of Amsterdam, for his Biblical characters. Unlike his master, Pieter Lastman, he was utterly unconcerned about archeological precision. His vision of God was most unorthodox; God the Father rarely appears, but where he does, he is seen as an amiable friend, perhaps appreciating a glass of wine in the company of Adam and some bearded, middle-aged angels.

Because Rembrandt deviates from the Scriptures in order to deepen the emotional content or to enhance the esthetic significance, these sheets would have stirred resentment in his day, particularly since his contemporaries viewed them as illustrations of passages from the Bible, and nothing else. Today more people than ever have been trained to look for the beauty and spiritual message in these outwardly unpretentious sheets, yellowed and often sullied by stains. Two hundred and seventy drawings were exhibited last year in Holland's major museums during the celebration of Rembrandt's 350th anniversary, and by now all of his drawings are available in satisfactory reproductions in the six-volume edition prepared by Otto Benesch for Phaidon Press.

Some of the noblest are devoted to Biblical themes, but all of them, whatever the subject matter, are little miracles in red or black chalk, ink or wash, or subtle combinations of these media. Connoisseurs will admire the quality of the line, thick or thin, long or short, smashing or delicate, drawn with pen or brush, and the broad application of wash to distribute light and shade. These rapid sketches, seizing with unmatched virtuosity a swift movement or a telling gesture, remind one of

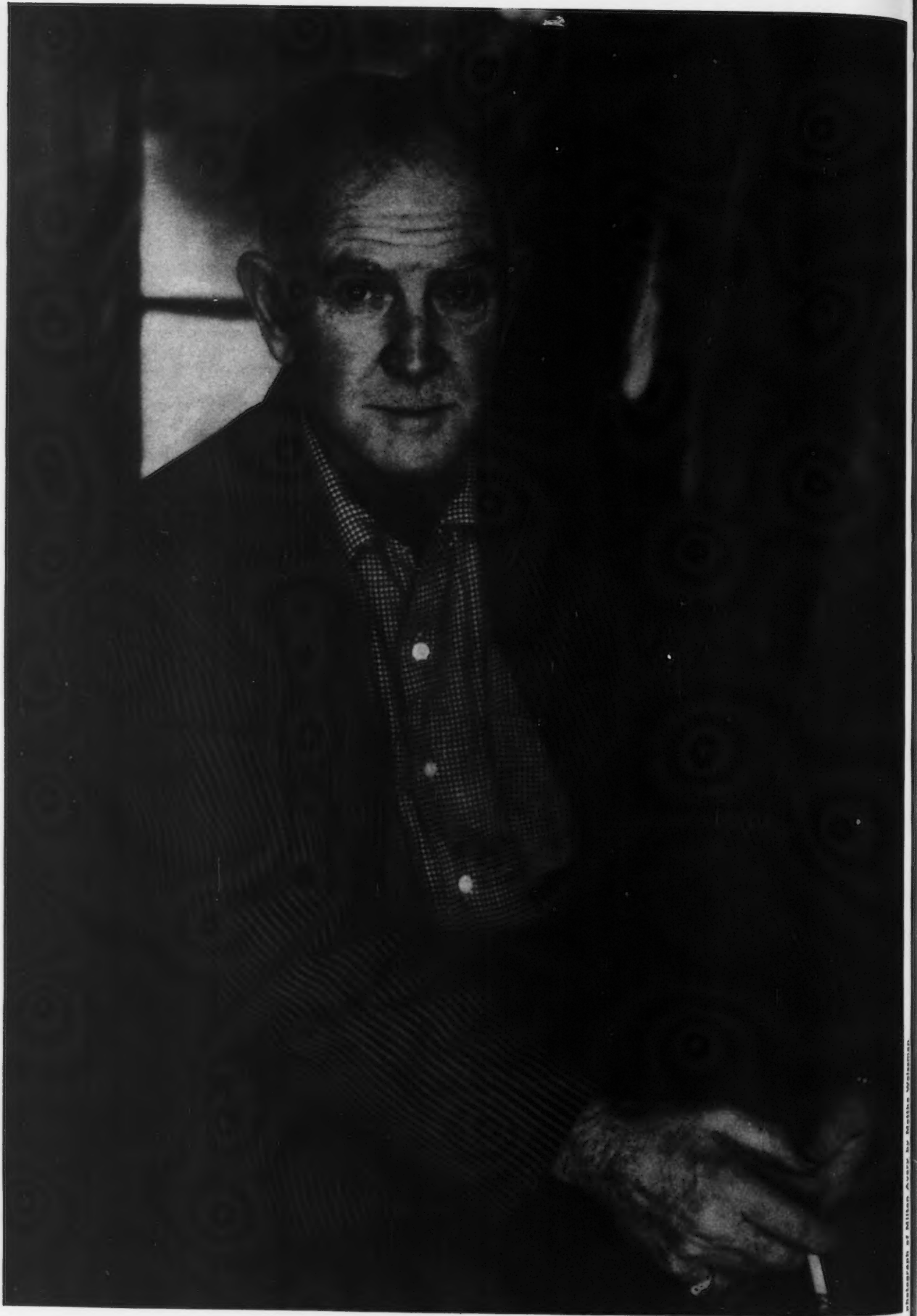
Max Lieberman's definition of art as "*die Kunst wegzulassen*," the ability to omit unnecessary details. I cannot recall more touching pictures in the whole range of art than the few entitled *Nathan Admonishing David* (about 1654-55, in the Metropolitan Museum), *Jacob Is Shown the Blood-Stained Coat of Joseph* (about 1655-56, in a private collection in Rotterdam), or *Christ Healing a Leper* (about 1656-57, in the Rijksprentenkabinet, Amsterdam).

**R**EMBRANDT was a great storyteller, and it is impossible to disagree with Roger Fry who declared that, had Rembrandt expressed himself in words, he would have been one of mankind's greatest dramatists or novelists. In his drawings one hears his natural voice, as it were. There are no afterthoughts, no inhibitions, there is no overcarefulness as in the work of the etcher, mindful of the costly piece of metal, and there is no need for covering up original ideas by heavy paint—corrections can be made on the same sheet of paper, or a new page may be filled with another version. Virtually nothing is lost in the process of translating the artist's ideas and feelings into black and white, or the brownish hue of bistre.

Line by line, stroke by stroke, the spectator can follow the artist in the very process of creation, can experience his mood at the very moment of action. It is like meeting the artist in the flesh, the artist who (to paraphrase Ibsen) could have said he had drawn nothing that he had not himself experienced. If the art lover is versed in the history of art, he can also observe, as he leafs through Dr. Benesch's monumental work, the gradual emancipation of Rembrandt from his models and masters, his increase in spontaneity, until the 1650's bring the most profound statements that have come down to us (few drawings from Rembrandt's last years are extant).

Rembrandt's graphic work is a book open to all who can read his shorthand, which makes the invisible visible by the simplest means, and sometimes in a space no larger than the palm of a hand (*The Denial of St. Peter*, 1660, is only 3¼ by 4½ inches). The young Rembrandt, in a letter to Constantyn Huygens, had given notice of his desire to express the "deepest inward emotion" in work commissioned by Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange, for his private chapel; in his mature years he came close indeed to realizing his ideals. "The supernatural breaks into the natural with an elementary and irresistible force such as only profound belief can visualize," the biographer Jakob Rosenberg writes with reference to a late etching, *Three Crosses*. But this characterization applies to nearly all of his graphic work, especially to drawings like *The Angel Appearing to Joseph in His Dreams*, *Christ Disputing the Doctors*, *The Vision of Daniel* or *Christ Carrying the Cross*, of the 1650's. Any of these "insignificant" sheets, so utterly devoid of both ecstasy and pageantry, may have a greater proselytizing power than such a gigantic achievement as Michelangelo's *Last Judgment* fresco, or Raphael's *Stanza* in the Vatican.

But if Rembrandt ever wanted to convert, it is safe to assume that he had no particular creed or special sect in mind. He surely believed in God's power and judgment, but also in man's ability to make decisions for himself, to choose his fate and his way of life. Noting that Rembrandt had represented the stories of the Bible with a nearness to life which suggests that the artist had seen them occur with his own eyes, Otto Benesch continues: "Life itself was something sacred to Rembrandt, independent of its religious or profane content. Life was to him first of all life of the soul, eloquence and expressiveness of the inner man."





*Gaspé—Pink Sky* (1940); courtesy Mr. and Mrs. Maurice P. Gellert.

*His work, daring but unspectacular,  
offers specific lessons for painters today.*

## MILTON AVERY

BY CLEMENT GREENBERG

MILTON AVERY reached maturity as an artist in the days of the American Scene movement, when there was so much talk about the need for an art that would concentrate on American life and shun esoteric influences. Avery set his face against all this, yet the atmosphere such talk created may have helped confirm him in his acceptance of himself. However misguided and obscurantist the American Scene tendency was, it did urge in principle that the American artist come to terms with the ineluctable conditions of his development, and remind him that he couldn't jump out of his skin. It did prepare for the day when the American artist would cease bemoaning the fact that he lived in America. Avery had, in any case, started off from American art before the American Scene movement was heard of, looking harder at Ryder and some of the American Impressionists than at any French art. And when he did go on to assimilate French influences the outcome was still some of the most unmistakably and authentically American art that I, for one, have seen. Avery's painting cannot be discussed without emphasizing its Americanness.

Avery himself would be the last to find any esthetic merit in Americanness as such. If his art is so unmistakably American, it is because it embodies so completely and successfully the truth about himself and his condition—not because he has ever made an issue of his national identity. And it may also be because his modernism was developed to such a great extent, relatively, within a non-European frame of reference. There are, moreover, different kinds of Americanness, and Avery's may be more readily identifiable than the others simply because it had less of a chance before the advent of Fauvism to be expressed in ambitious and sophisticated painting.

Frederick S. Wight (in his text for the catalogue of Avery's

retrospective at the Baltimore Museum in December, 1952) put his finger on one of the salient traits of Avery's painting: its insistence on nature as a thing of surfaces alone, not of masses or volumes, and as accessible only through eyes that refrain from making tactile associations. Avery's attitude is the opposite of what is supposed to be the common American one toward nature: he approaches it as a subject rather than object; and one does not manipulate or transform a subject: one *meets* it. A similar attitude no doubt can be found in Far Eastern art and in some phases of landscape painting in Europe. What is specifically American, I feel, in Avery's case is his employment of abstract means for ends that, however subtly naturalistic, are nevertheless intensely so. This is something I also find in four other American painters who belong to twentieth-century modernism: Dove, Arnold Friedman, Hartley and Marin. And it is significant that, with the exception of Friedman, all these Americans found the form of modernism that was most congenial to them in Fauvism.

But while the original Fauves, in France, would, where they could, sacrifice the facts of nature to an inspired decorative effect, the Americans tended to let the decorative effect go when it threatened to depart too much from the facts. For it was in the facts primarily that they found their inspiration, and when they didn't find it there they would fall into artiness. There was a certain diffidence in this: unlike Matisse, they did not proclaim themselves sovereigns of nature; but there was also a certain courage: they stood up for the truth of their own experience, no matter how intimate, modest or unenhanceable. All this applies to Avery, and to him especially—although as closely as he may skirt artiness, he has never quite fallen into it, in which respect he is more like Friedman than any of the



MILTON AVERY



*Gaspé Landscape* (1943); courtesy Roy Neuberger.

*Still Life with Derby* (1944); courtesy Roy Neuberger.



other three. As much as he simplifies or eliminates, Avery preserves throughout something of the specific, local, namable identity of his subject, whether landscape or figure; it is never merely the pretext for a picture, and art is never for him the excessively transcendent issue it too often was for Hartley and Marin.

**T**HERE is no glamor about Avery's art; it is daring, but not emphatic or spectacular in its daring. This has to do in part with his stylistic means—the absence of pronounced value contrasts and of intense, saturated color; the thin, neutral surface that displays no “paint quality” or brushwork—but it also has to do with his own temperament. Some of the diffidence with which he approaches nature is reflected in his approach to art itself. Fifteen years ago, reviewing in the *Nation* one of Avery's shows at Paul Rosenberg's, I admired his landscapes but devoted most of my space to the derivativeness of the figure pieces which made up the bulk of the show. If at the time I failed to discern how much there was in these that was not Matisse at all, it was not only because of my own unperceptiveness, but also because—as it now seems to me—the artist himself contrived not to call enough attention to that which was his and no one else's.

I still quarrel with most of Avery's figure pieces, but for different reasons now. Too often their design tends not to be total enough; the figure is not locked securely in place against the blank background; and for all the inspired distortion of contour, factual accidents of the silhouette will break through and, given the flatness with which everything is rendered, create an effect of patchwork. It is as though Avery had trouble handling displaceable objects and could best maintain the integrity of the plane surface when depicting things that had grown into the places they occupied and which interlocked of their own accord into both foreground and backdrop—in short, the landscape. Not that he has not done some splendid figure paintings from time to time (among them the monumental *Poetry Reading*



*Mrs. Avery in Checked Jacket* (1930). All photographs courtesy Grace Borgenicht Gallery.

*Pink Field* (1936).



## MILTON AVERY



*California Beach* (1941).

*Poetry Reading* (1957).



in his last show at Borgenicht's), but I do see him far more often at his highest and broadest and strongest in his landscapes and seascapes.

It is very difficult even to begin to account for the quality of the best of these. Many stylistic parallels could be found in the work of other artists—Matisse, Dufy, Hartley (who was toward the end influenced himself by Avery), even Marin—but the result is always and altogether Avery's own. It is not a question of technique or even of style in the ultimate sense; nor is it one of sensibility or taste—when art is strong enough it creates taste and defines sensibility *post factum*. It is a question rather of the sublime lightness of Avery's hand and of the morality of his eyes: their invincible and exact loyalty to exactly what they alone have experienced. It has to do with *exactly* how Avery locks his flat, lambent planes together; with the *exact* dosage of light in his colors (which all seem to have some admixture of white in them even when applied as they come from the tube); with *exactly* how he manages to keep his pictures cool in key even when using the hottest pigment; with the *exact* way in which he infuses warm colors with coolness, and vice versa; with *exactly* how he inflects planes into depth without shading—and so on *ad infinitum*. Of course, all successful art brings us up against the mysterious factor of exactness, but it operates to an unusual extent in Avery's case.

Nature is flattened and aerated in Avery's landscapes, but not deprived in the end of its substantiality—which is restored to it as it were by the substantiality and solidity of the picture itself as a work of art. The painting floats, but it also coheres and stays in place, as tight as a drum and as open as light. Through the unreal means most proper to pictorial art—the flat plane parallel to the surface—Avery is able to convey the integrity of nature more vividly than the Cubists could with their own kind of emphasis of the flat parallel plane. And whereas Cubism had to eventuate in abstraction, Avery has continued to develop and expand his art without abandoning the description of nature. He is also one of the very few modernists of note in his generation to have disregarded Cubism almost entirely. It would be hazardous to say that he has not been affected by it in any way, but it certainly has had no real part

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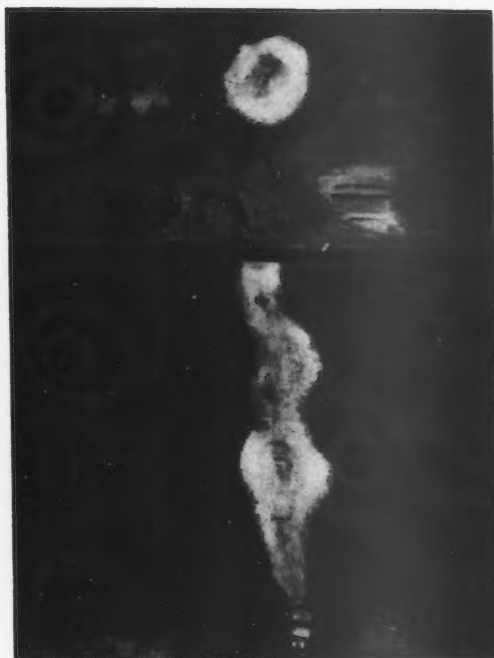
in the development of his art, and he has flouted the Cubist canon of the well-made picture almost as much as Clyfford Still has. This explains some of the exemplary significance Avery's work has had for the recent anti-Cubist trend of abstract painting in this country.

LIKE all the other modernist reactions against Impressionism except Cubism, Avery's Fauvism has served but to draw Impressionism's further consequences. His art is another, extremer vision of a world from which sculpture and all allusions to it have been banished, and where things exist only optically. But Avery's painting is marked off from Matisse's as well as from Monet's by its more explicit rejection of the decorative—a rejection that is given its particular, crucial point by the fact that the elements of Avery's style are so very decorative in themselves. Decoration is the specter that haunts modernist painting, and part of the latter's formal mission is to find ways of using the decorative against itself. It is as though Late Impressionism and Fauvism have come on the order of the day again precisely because, being so much more anti-sculptural and therefore inherently decorative than Cubism, they sharpen the problem by increasing the tension between decorative means and nondecorative ends.

Matisse and the later Monet overcame decoration by dint of the monumental. They established scale as an absolute esthetic factor. Avery has never considered this solution, apparently because it would take him too far away from his conception of nature, which can be grasped only through the easel, not the wall, picture. A large picture can re-create the images of things, but only the relatively small one can re-create the instantaneous unity of nature as a view—the unity of that which the eyes take in at a single glance. In my opinion, this, even more than their revulsion against the academic "machine," accounts for the size of canvas (averaging two feet by one and a half) that the classical Impressionists favored. Avery, though using much more decorative means and not painting from nature on the spot, but from penciled or watercolor sketches (always much more conventionally realistic than the pictures that result from them), is moved by a similar naturalism, and it is this that he invokes against the decorative.

The younger, abstract painters who admire Avery and have learned from him do not share his naturalism, but they see in his paintings how intensity and truth of feeling, no matter what its source, can serve to galvanize what seem the most inertly decorative elements—tenuous flatness; pure, value-less contrasts of hue; large, "empty" tracts of uniform color; rudimentary simplicity of design; absence of accents—sheer, raw visual substance—into tight, dramatic, almost anecdotal unities with the traditional beginnings, middles and endings of easel painting. His example shows them how relatively indifferent the artist's concrete means become once his formal training is finished, and how omnipotent is the force of feeling, which can body nature forth with the abstractest elements, and compel decoration to overcome and transcend itself by its own means.

Avery's latest landscapes, done in Provincetown this past summer, attest to a new and more magnificent flowering of his art. They were scantily and one-sidedly represented in his show at Borgenicht's. But then Avery has always been served badly by his exhibitions, which tend to reflect the inadequacies of his dealers rather than those of his art. To know his work in all its considerable range and variety, one has had to see it in his studio. This may explain, in part, the unevenness of his reputation. Painters and even collectors have paid more attention to him than critics or museum people. I feel that not only should he be shown better, but that he should be shown in larger quantity. It is time he were given a full-scale retrospective by a New York museum, not for the sake of his reputation, but for the sake of the situation of art in New York. The latest generation of abstract painters in New York has certain salutary lessons to learn from him that they cannot learn from any other artist on the scene.



*White Moon* (1957).



Pencil study for *Provincetown Sandspit* (1957).

*Provincetown Sandspit* (1957).



## MONTH IN REVIEW

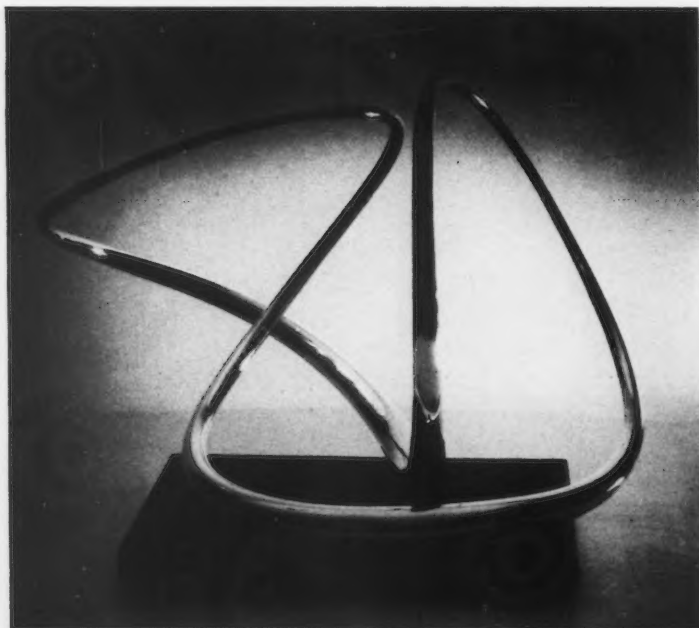
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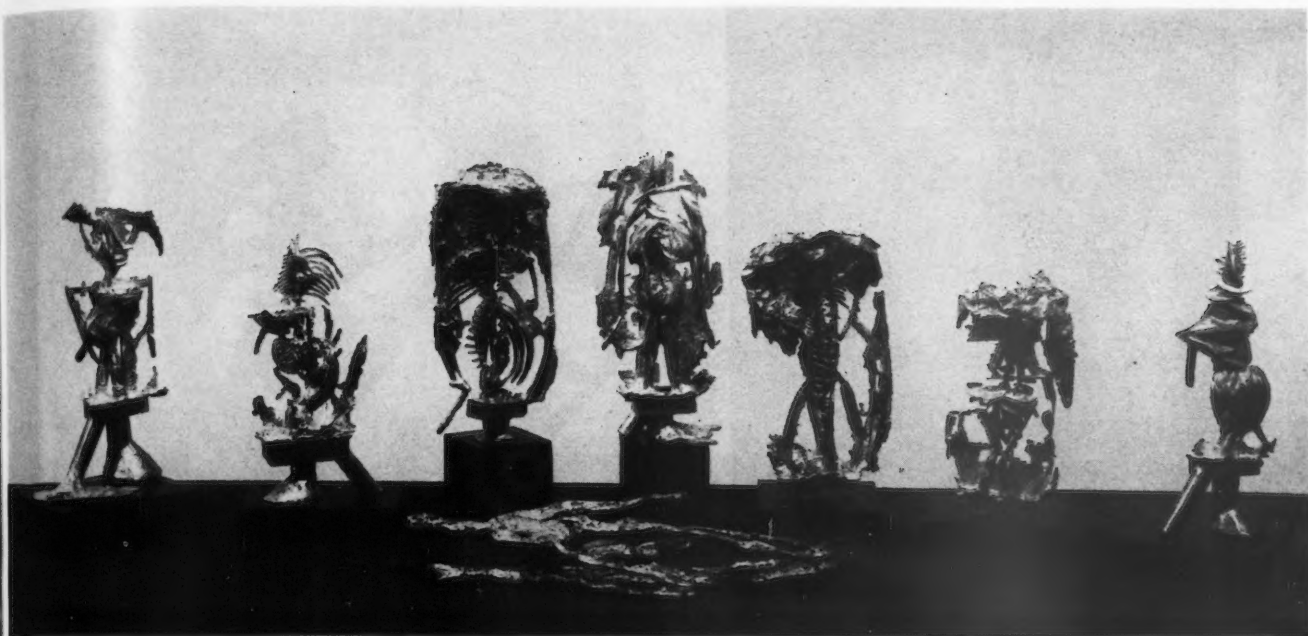
IT is no straining for the dramatic that causes the sculpture of José de Rivera and Germaine Richier to be coupled in this column. The drama in modern sculpture is ready-made, and acts itself out in the galleries in a series of monologues, dialogues and crowd scenes. It is a drama not of conflict, but of the crossing of many actors who often speak different languages. Thus, the confrontation of De Rivera and Richier is not only one of abstraction and representation, of Classicism and Romanticism, of the impersonal and the personal, of American and European; it is one, besides, which underscores the startling diversity of modern sculpture. For De Rivera and Richier operate at the antipodes of their art and postulate the latitudes between. Not, however, that sculpture is likely to be bound by this geographical metaphor; developments in sculpture are so rapid that a new fuel may be discovered at any moment that will send it rocketing into strange and unexplored spaces.

In the meantime at the Borgenicht Gallery (November 18-December 14) José de Rivera is showing a score of clean *Constructions* in stainless steel and bronze which move slowly in real space but set up a lively movement in the mind. As in his previous exhibition, he has mounted a number of pieces on bases which revolve once in two or three minutes, fast enough to make the revolution noticeable, not so fast as to make it a tiresome gyration. On view is the model of a piece to be executed for the American Pavilion of the Brussels Universal Exposition in 1958; large in size, this piece will revolve once in six minutes. De Rivera's sculptures, as in his last show, are loops and whips of polished metal of changing section, square or round, which, in their slow turning, present ever new designs to the eye. As light slides along their perfectly fashioned surfaces, an apparent curve slowly develops into a loop, only to open again as its sides drop away to find new intersections in space, new partings and new returnings of form.

A base which turns is, of course, only a mechanical solu-

Below: **José de Rivera**, CONSTRUCTION NO. 44; at Grace Borgenicht Gallery. At right: **Germaine Richier**, LE GRAIN; at Martha Jackson Gallery.





Richier, SEPT PETITES BRONZES DORÉES; at Martha Jackson Gallery.

tion to the problem of seeing sculpture in all its aspects; the observer may himself move around the sculpture. But while this kind of movement is adventitious in the case of most sculpture (which, if it's worth its salt, can be apprehended from any aspect), in De Rivera's case it is necessary. He has polished these coils of metal to such a point that they appear transparent, glassy and, because of their equal reflectivity, of uncertain distance from the eye. Since they have no contained shadows and are sharply cut out from their background, their internal relationships remain ambiguous as long as there is no movement. Only upon movement, of the sculpture or of the eye, does the work reveal itself.

The theme, then, is movement in infinity: ebb and flood, flow and flight, eternal return. The motif, too, is the sign of infinity, that recumbent figure-eight that anyone can make by grasping the opposite sides of a circle and giving it a half-twist. It is only De Rivera, of course, who can twist bronze and steel into such perfect shapes of infinity. Twist is hardly the word here; the metal is *drawn* with a skill that is stunning and unmatched in contemporary metalcraft.

The finesse of this drawing surpasses that of De Rivera's 1955 exhibition, and creates an effect of even greater purity than previously. When one has said that, one has exhausted the differences between the two exhibitions unless one also notes that several of the new pieces are in bronze. No one except Vantongerloo has put infinity to such good uses as has De Rivera. He has put it through all its possible paces and played all its variations. But he has probably played it out. There is a limit to infinity.

TO THE very degree that De Rivera's world is one gleaming perfection and optimism, Germaine Richier's is one of corrosion and corrosive pessimism. A collection of her sculpture at the Martha Jackson Gallery (November 27-December 28) is like a jungle in an advanced state of decrepitude. Here is *L'Homme Chauve-Souris* (The Batman) with wings in ragged sheets of bronze cobwebbing held together by a miracle of the metal-casting art. *La Feuille* (The Leaf) is a tall, swaying female figure whose sculptural skin is covered with the print of leaves. *Le Grain* (The Seed) is a figure in shreds, its legs the barely covered wood and wire of the original armature. Several pieces incorporate the shapes and rhythms of actual

branches, while others, like *La Sauterelle* (The Grasshopper), establish their affinity to the inhuman world of nature in their pose or gesture.

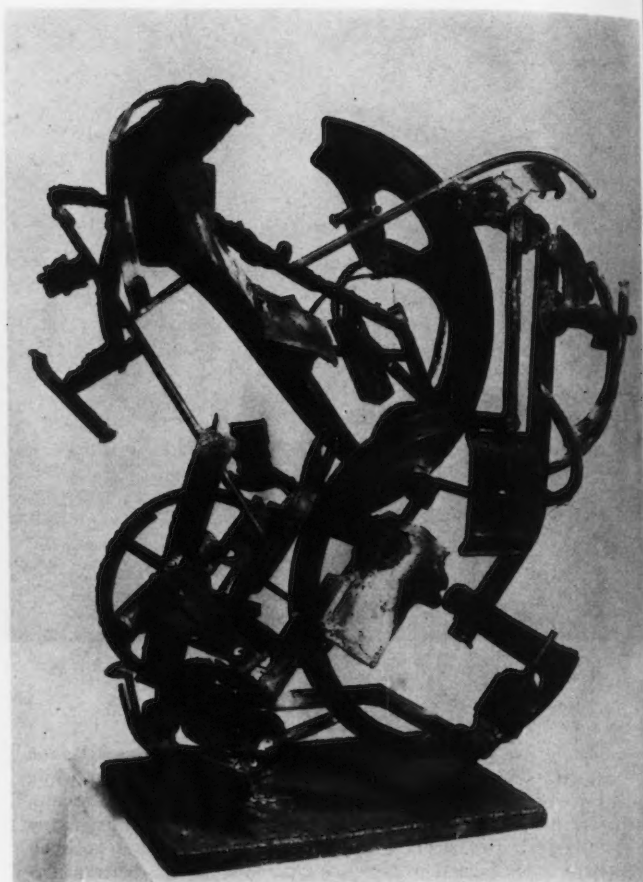
If the human figure here becomes an arena for the exploitation of an obscure anguish, Miss Richier reserves her more violent moods for the nonhuman realm. *Le Cheval* shows the pierced body of a running horse that has six heads, heads that are ravaged, rotted skulls; the macabre has here reached a limit. After this the five little creatures of her chess set, *L'Echiquier Mobile*, are merely bizarre and not without a weird charm. Continuing in this direction, her *Sept Petites Bronzes Dorées* (Seven Small Gilt Bronzes) are abstract fantasies, and, from the formal point of view, the most stimulating pieces in the show. They owe their interest in a large part to their intricate facture and the accidents of casting. They exhibit no *angoisse*, none of man's inhumanity to man, and no cause for concern to the S.P.C.A.; and I do not think their author values them as highly as I do.

Curiously, Miss Richier's pitiless treatment of the figure, her structural distortions and her shredding of the surface fail to arouse any of the emotions of poignancy which attach to, say, Lehmbruck's *Standing Youth* or to one of Giacometti's standing female figures. Half-insect, half-human, her creatures are mutations beyond the pale of sympathy. They are victims of catastrophe rather than tragedy. Miss Richier is, it appears, a romanticist of the catastrophic.

One is tempted to speculate further that, as with many romantics, the subject is self, and the catastrophe personal. Miss Richier was a student of Bourdelle, which is to say a disciple of Rodin at one remove. She can model a head like a Bourdelle, and her small study for *Le Grain* looks like a Rodinesque sketch. Like all her small sculptures, this piece has a freshness of touch and construction. These are the terms of Miss Richier's dilemma; there is no point in repeating Rodin, not to say Bourdelle, and one cannot enlarge all that is interesting in the small size. Unable to do anything with the tradition of Rodin in the sense that Maillol, Lehmbruck, Epstein, Lipchitz, Matisse and Giacometti were able, Miss Richier lacerates that tradition. Her frustration is authentic, and its depth gives her authority; but while these qualities may help her to make small sculpture of real interest, they do not help her to make large sculpture of any dignity.



## MONTH IN REVIEW



Above: **Richard Stankiewicz**, UNTITLED SCULPTURE.  
At left: **Day Schnabel**, CORE. Both works at the Whitney Museum.

THE sculpture at the Whitney Museum annuals is always educational if not entertaining. But the same is true of most large exhibitions, where the mixture of single examples of many styles permits one to observe trends rather than experience the impact of a sculptural personality.\* The forty-three pieces at the Whitney (November 20-January 12) present the harrowing variety of styles which we have come to expect, and the disconcerting variety of quality which we never cease to deplore. It is impossible to guess what the standard of selection is; certainly, many well-known artists are invited without regard to the actual pieces they submit. *Faute de mieux*, generalizations must be based on the esthetic confusion which results. There is not a fresh style, a new touch or a surprise of any kind to be seen among the carvers. The modelers fare better: Minna Harkavy shows a sensitive portrait; William King's *Venus* is too long in the legs, too broad in the beam and too arch in the arms, but it has a charming head; and Harold Tovish shows a figure which is painful in its imagery and derivative in its structure, but which is nonetheless unforgettable. It is the constructors, both in wood and in metal, who carry the day, though by the evidence of this exhibition, this

\*An unusual attempt to combine these possibilities is the exhibition "Directions in Sculpture," at the Riverside Museum (December 1-22), which opened too late for discussion in these pages. It presents fourteen New York sculptors in as many individual groupings; over eighty items are on view in this most enterprising display of sculpture in some time.

fruitful approach is experiencing a crisis: it can degenerate to the merely decorative (Nickford), pervert its technical resources (Lekberg), produce an academy in the service of a surprising naturalism (Phillips, Roszak), and, even in the hands of its most interesting practitioners (Lassaw, Nevelson, Stankiewicz, De Rivera, Albert, Kallem, Bourgeois, Gordin, Schnabel), manifest a growing tendency to *baroquerie*. Yet one is grateful for the sheer vitality of Richard Stankiewicz' untitled construction in steel, Day Schnabel's vigorous and serious *Core*, Sidney Gordin's graceful play of curved and pointed forms, and Herbert Kallem's *Woman with Flowers*.

Kallem is showing a group of recent constructions at the Roko Gallery (November 11-December 5) which treat four subjects—acrobats, draped figures, plants and birds. The acrobats are cut from heavy sheet copper twisted into engaging aerial compositions. The draped figures are made by the expedient of "clothing" an armature in soft brass sheeting; the metal folds and buckles much as cloth would. The effect is disturbingly naturalistic, and the same may be said of the whole series of plant forms. None of these figures matches Kallem's witty contribution, in a similar manner, to the Whitney. *Cormorant* is the most successful piece in his new vein; here he has constructed a bird without modeling the metal, and has duplicated the flapping of wings without resorting to imitation.

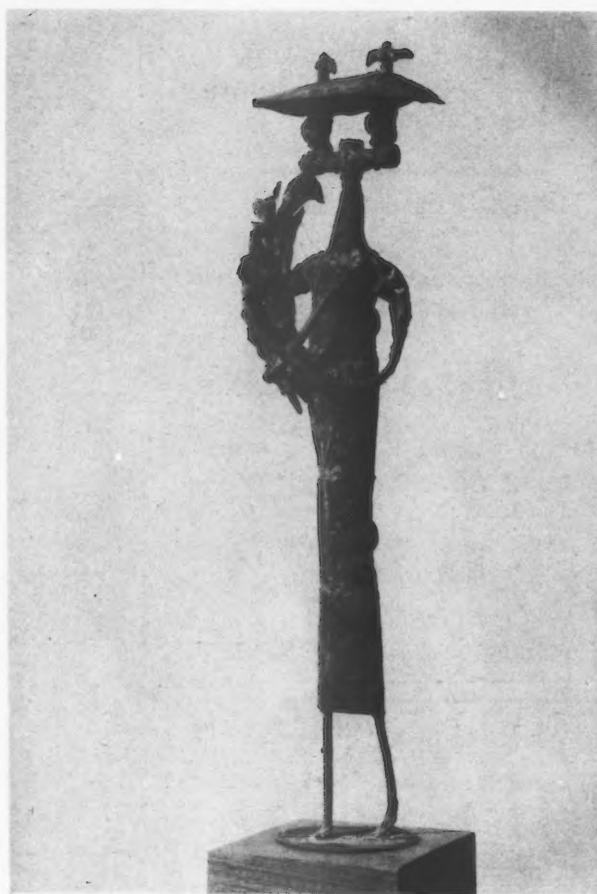
Kallem is a sculptor who relies on the nature of materials and processes for the forms and the mode of his sculpture. It is a method which often manifests nothing but clever manipu-

lation. Fortunately, it also produces works of charm, wit and, indeed, logic.

**Y**EKTAI is the painter who dazzled us just a few years ago with canvases covered with slabs and dollops of brilliant pigment. Never had paint, as a material, been applied so lavishly. But Yektai was not merely a gourmand of paint; he was its gourmet, a gay and knowing colorist. (He once applied a piece of bread to a picture and shocked the generality of observers; he was merely supplying the base for his caviar.) The opulence of the color, the high relief of the *matière*, and the actuality of the painting means were the distinctive characteristics of those pictures.

Now, at the Poindexter Gallery (November 25-December 14), in his first show of new work in four years, he is exhibiting a large number of paintings, some of which are very large indeed, in a completely reworked style. Their color in most cases is saturated and somber, their *pâte* thin, and their spatial sense illusionistic. His seven-foot canvases show us life-sized interiors which seem to say, "You Are There." But this model, this still life are too familiar for interest and, in the naturalistic paintings, the technique is not what it should be. Yektai is serious, he has taken on a large order, he wants to paint a complete picture without evasions, maybe do De Kooning over from nature, but this kind of painting belongs to a school from which he has been absent for some time (and every minute counts). Except for *Vermont Afternoon*, his hand simply isn't in it.

However, Yektai is in the Abstract-Expressionist school, not as an undergraduate, but as a member of the faculty. And it is when he attacks his canvases with something of his former verve that his researches of the past four years bear fruit. *Peonies and Yellow Wall* departs from naturalistic space and coloration; its sense of space results from a manipulation of shape and color, and is thus constructed. This method is carried further in *Newspaper*, a daring painting in which Yektai for the first time surrenders his eye's grip on the world and allows an image to be born in a cauldron of color and stroke. It is the stroke, in all its variety of movement and texture, which creates the form, delivers the color, and structures the picture. "You Are Here," it says—which is where we prefer to be.



Herbert Kallem, WOMAN WITH FLOWERS; at the Whitney Museum.



Yektai, POSED FIGURE AND ROSES (above); NEWSPAPER (at right). Both works at Poindexter Gallery.



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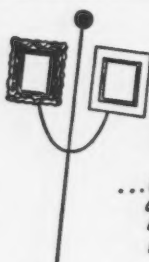
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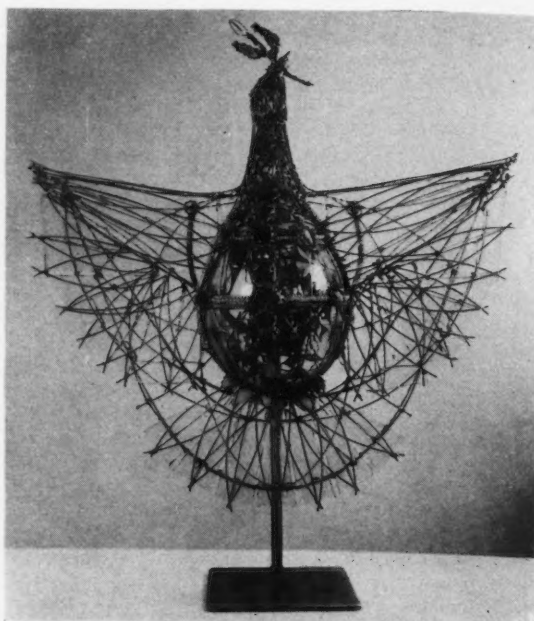
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## MARGARET BREUNING Writes:

William Glackens and his friends . . . imbricated sculpture by Grover Wulvern Hendricks . . . Eugene Berman's Don Giovanni sketches . . . new color wood blocks by Ann Ryan . . . a portrait galaxy by René Bouché . . .



Grover Wulvern Hendricks, FABERGE-DOVE: at Hirschl and Adler.

It is not often that one sees reproductions from a recent book take their original forms of paintings, drawings and prints on gallery walls. Yet this transformation has occurred in an exhibition, at the Kraushaar Galleries, as a tribute to the artist William Glackens and to the book *William Glackens and His Friends*, written by his son, Ira. With discretion of single-minded purpose, the author of this book has refrained from critical comment on the works of the artists included, in order to record their vivid personalities and capture the quality of their life. The atmosphere in which he envelops his characters seems the ambience of a golden age, long past and never to be repeated. The camaraderie of this group of artists seems never to have been overshadowed by jealousy or any sense of rivalry; it was one for all and all for one in their sharing of successes or disappointments—for it was not all beer and skittles in those halcyon days for artists who ignored the rigid conventions of the academy. Of course "The Eight" are all represented in this showing, but there are many other artists who were also admitted to the charmed circle of Glackens' friendship. As William Glackens is the focus of this exhibition, a large number of his paintings are included, renewing for many of us the delight with which we first viewed them, and reaffirming his brilliant gifts of color and design. A few may well be cited: the whirling figures of the skating rink, flashing from artificial brilliance into deep shadows; the tender portrait of his daughter, Lenna; the flux of light, color and movement of the dancing gypsies; the authoritative modeling and beautiful rendering of flesh textures in *Nude*. Ernest Lawson's luminous landscape, Maurice Prendergast's enchanting *Picnic Grove*, the synthesis of old age and misery in George Luks' *Beggar Woman*, the dramatic *Curtain Call* by Everett Shinn; the nostalgia of *Walnut Street Theatre* by John Sloan—these are all effective translations of objective facts into pictorial terms. A watercolor and a gouache by Edith Dimock (Glackens) are happy encounters, for her work is seldom seen. The bold, simplified designs of these figure pieces, enhanced by abrupt areas of sharp

color, are distinctly original conceptions, ably realized. Robert Henri contributes a portrait of Ira Glackens as a young child. He appears as an amenable youngster, but Ira records that he was a reckless and trying sitter. Other items are a handsome abstraction by Alfred Maurer, skillful drawings by Marjorie Henri, a portrait drawing of Glackens by Florence Scoville Shinn which somehow suggests the idea of Keats. The carved and colorful panel by Charles Prendergast, the self-portrait by Jerome Myers, and works by Leon Kroll, George Bellows, James Wilson Morrice, James and May Preston, Louis Glackens and Guy Pène du Bois not only add interest to the exhibition, but attest Glackens' gift for friendship. (Kraushaar, Nov. 4-9)

GROVER WULVERN HENDRICKS is holding a first one-man showing of imbricated sculpture, which, as its name implies, is built up with overlapping planes of metal, here supplemented by glass and wire. The mechanical basis of much contemporary sculpture is represented in the artist's work only by the use of an acetylene torch to soften planes of glass and metal sufficiently to permit their shaping by tongs. In one or two instances wire is fused into firm mass to follow contours of form, but in general Hendricks relies on skilled manual handling as his procedure in constructing these intricate pieces. Wire is twisted into ornamental arabesques over the forms, and in the *Fabergé-Dove* creates a lacy framework for the small glass panes of the outspread wings; the translucency obtained is heightened by the setting of sparkling, colored stones on the sculpture. The figure of the Chinese goddess, *Kuan Yin*, formed of golden metal and glass, is surmounted by an imposing halo of transparent yellow glass. The *Standing Horse*, of blue Murano glass with upraised neck of fused wire, and *Horse and Rider*, of glass, metal and wire, are random examples of the artist's fecund invention in giving these imaginative conceptions sculptural form. The decorative silhouette of all the figures, their implicit vitality and subtle modeling give this unusual sculpture an arresting effect. (Hirschl and Adler, Dec. 2-31)



the brilliance of the stage spectacles succeeding one another in the Metropolitan's recent production of *Don Giovanni* is due to the costumes and décor created by Eugene Berman. The watercolor and gouache sketches for these projects were recently shown at the Knoedler galleries. Berman is not only an authority on the dress and architecture of the period of this opera, but he possesses the gift of conveying the exact character of its bizarre personae and its grotesque events. On the skeletal, picturesque frame of the scenario, his designs bring to life its underlying mystery, its scenes of passionate involvements. He has given the ponderous magnificence of the Baroque architectural settings the relief of decorative details, such as the sweeping folds of opulent draperies, the opening of small casements on a world of light and dazzling color. It is all recorded—the mysterious chamber and the ladies who sometimes inhabit it, the elaborate minutiae of court life. Don Giovanni's costume emphasizes his pomp and arrogance. Donna Elvira is arrayed in a variety of elegant robes—and as for her bewitching hats, John Frederics should look to his laurels. Luscious textures and enchanting flutter of frill and flounce are scaled down to represent the attire of the subordinate figures. (Knoedler, Nov. 13-30.)

AN EXHIBITION of color wood blocks by Ann Ryan reveals that she has moved toward objectivity in contrast with her former purely abstract work. The clarity of the designs affords even the smaller blocks a definite intensity of impression. Brilliant, unmodulated colors are sharply contrasted in many designs, giving effective emphasis to salient motives. A number of the subjects are religious—tender and fresh conceptions of familiar themes. Especially noted were *The Annunciation*, *The Flight and Pentecost*. There are also gay scenes of circus clowns and jugglers, carried out in sweeping rhythms. Still lifes and figure pieces display the same command of medium and appreciation of its exact resources of expression. (Kraushaar, Dec. 2-28.)

LOUIS HUXLEY, in his foreword to the catalogue of René Bouché's exhibition of portraits, sums up the *sine qua non* of portraiture as good painting and design with penetration of the inner life of the subject, as well as skillful delineation of his appearance. He affirms that in the main Bouché has met these requirements successfully. Most viewers of this lively grouping will concur in this judgment. Originality of arrangement, a departure from the usual formally "posed" type of portrait, lends a sparkling vivacity to the showing. Moreover, through bodily gesture the artist has subtly revealed habits of mind. This galaxy is drawn from the top echelons of art, literature and society, yet the subjects are presented with an engaging informality, the casualness of intimacy. Countess Viviane Crespi is portrayed sprawling negligently in slacks on a sofa; Truman Capote, standing with hands on hips, appears to be reflecting on royalties; the late Christian Dior, seated before a seductive array of food and drink, seems to be absorbed in a gourmet's reverie. Many of the figures are placed in interiors, with spatial relations skillfully established. The only exception to this delicious arrangement is *Mlle Chanel chez Elle*, in which the elaborate details of the décor rather dwarf her personality. There is a wide variety of brushing suited to harmonize or contrast with the character of the sitter; at times broad strokes of a full brush and heavy impastos set a keynote, again delicate modeling, rhythmic cadences and color pattern answering design stress other facets of personality. The *Georges Braque* is a high spot of the showing. A shadowy studio background serves to accentuate the sensitively realized figure of the artist. It is a striking presentation. He sits directly facing the onlooker; the crown of snowy hair, the loosely clasped hands, the relaxed form slumped down in the chair indicate age, but the piercing vision accents the vigor of the mind. (Tolas, Nov. 10-30.)

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## IN THE GALLERIES

**European Drawings and Sculpture:** Rodin, who has been neglected for the last several decades, has achieved a kind of renaissance this year, for in addition to the work displayed at the Metropolitan and the World House, his clay sketch for the famous *Gate of Hell* is now being shown in a group exhibition of modern sculptures and drawings. This first version of the *Gate* (around 1880) has a spontaneity and crudeness which make it particularly appealing to modern taste. Finger marks have been left in the clay, giving a sense of the soft, pliable nature of the medium. The flowing forms create an almost Baroque feeling of shape and space, as well as giving the work a dramatic intensity. Although small, roughly finished figures, such as *The Thinker*, cover the surface, the work is not conceived as a group of smaller units but as an organic whole with the separate forms merging into a larger rhythm. Another Rodin is a small bronze head, the study for one of the group of *The Citizens of Calais*. Here Rodin's realistic style appears at its best, with all its power of expression and mastery of form. Some examples of Maillol and Moore are also shown, illustrating by contrast the classical serenity of the former, with his Greek feeling for beauty of the female body, and the formal design of the latter, with its interesting use of holes cut through solid form. Besides these sculptures, a group of modern drawings is also being shown, including such masters as Klee, Picasso, Léger, Derain and Redon. Although the Léger architectural scene of 1916 and the Picasso sketch for his reclining nude of 1941 are very fine, the group of Klees are the most outstanding works among the drawings. Most of them come from the early part of his career, between 1914 and 1924, and illustrate the whimsical and lyrical aspect of his genius. *Masks after the Festival*, with its floating figures, is particularly delightful, as is the *Deer Garden* of 1923, with its delicate lines and fairy-tale atmosphere. For those who see Klee simply as a charming artist, a tiny drawing of 1914 entitled *Cruelty* gives a feeling of the horror of the First World War, indicating that the expressiveness and depth of the later work was already an integral part of Klee's world at the start of his career. (Peridot, Dec. 23-Jan. 11.)—H.M.

**Arshile Gorky:** Gorky not only left a legacy of paintings at his death; he left behind him a number of discoveries which have influenced a whole generation of American painters. He opened up a free and flexible space in his painting; he achieved new effects by detaching line from form so that the one gives motion and direction while the other remains static and suspended; and he created a totally new iconography which is neither that of the Surrealists nor the autonomous language of the Abstract Expressionists, but operates on a level somewhere between the two. He demonstrated that abstract painting could operate in depth as well as on the picture plane, and that abstract forms could have a rich connotative significance which was none the weaker for its ambiguity. The retrospective exhibition of his work at the Whitney Museum seven years ago had an unprecedented impact on painters; it is interesting to view the present show, which includes some of the same paintings, in the light of developments which have taken place in the interval.

The familiar stages are represented here, the heavily built up compositions of fanciful shapes from the mid-thirties, the large thinly painted *Self-Portrait* of 1937 and a version of the *Portrait of the Artist as a Boy with his Mother*, both of which are beautifully composed of mellifluous rounded shapes and both emphasizing the contrast between flat, fixed shapes and open, free painting. The vivid Miróesque *Garden in Sochi*, 1940, is included, along with studies on the same motif from 1941 and 1942, and there is a substantial number of canvases, large and small, from the 1940's which indicate the varying directions in which he was extending his researches. Two outstanding late paintings are *The Limit*, a gray-green canvas partially washed over in white which shimmers as if moonstruck, and one of his most pessimistic works, *Dark Green Painting*, 1948, with its lugubrious musty browns and greens and stinging violets and oranges and its lack of the lilting lyric quality which generally pervades even his most bitter statements. A fascination with death themes recurs in some of the paintings of the 1940's; in *Dark Green Painting* he seems to look at death with resignation. (Janis, Dec. 2-28.)—M.S.

**German Expressionists and Contemporaries:** Continuing the season's enthusiasm for German work, this large and quite spectacular grouping will amply reward the viewer who wishes a further reflection. Most of the important names are here (Kirchner, Hartung, Jawlensky, Kandinsky, Nolde, Klee, Marc, et al.), not necessarily with work of the finest caliber, but so arranged and presented that a half-century of modern Franco-German art in its developing stages and matured forms is readily assimilable. The excellences of the exhibition are too many to enumerate here, but of especial excitement is the wide stylistic range and accomplishment of Willi Baumeister who, in *Aru-Dunkelblau*, exploits a brilliant sense of color on a precisely cross-hatched surface and so adds the additional texture of canvas on canvas. Two drawings of Klee are jaunty and dubiously jocose; Hans Hartung's *T54/17*, with its grass forms on a blue-green background, reminds one of O'Keeffe's absorption in the East; and Emil Nolde's purple and rust *Horses on the Beach* is powerfully brushed and immediately winning. (Kleemann, Nov. 4-Dec. 24.)—R.W.D.

**Paul Klee:** This delightful exhibition of works from 1912 through 1940 reminds us that what is important is not grandeur of scope but originality of imagination, and we see why followers of Klee must despair. *An Animal Making an Entrance* (1939) succinctly parodies those who leap into the social arena with lugubrious aplomb; a 1919 drawing depicts a quasi-Romanesque *charivari* with bespectacled ape musicians and one of Klee's favorite motifs—a singer grasping for a high note. Crayon is used with childlike wisdom in *Fragility of Jollity* (1937), a group of ragamuffins in precarious discombobulation; and *Obstacles in the March* (1940) images a rambunctious excursion to nowhere. (Saidenberg, Nov. 11-Dec. 14.)—C.B.

**Whitney Annual:** This sort of roundup of single works by many artists is what Parisians are calling "le dictionnaire." If the Whitney is slightly more expansive this year, including about 150 oils and watercolors, its dictionary probably covers the alphabet of American styles. But as a vocabulary, it is uneven; one can always quibble with an abridgment. A reviewer, unfortunately, is required to thumb through it, with no chance to probe for interrelationships, and only a glimpse of individual paintings. The impression that the work is exhaustingly "characteristic of so-and-so" mounts to the point of exhaustion—and many



Rodin, study for THE GATE OF HELL; at Peridot Gallery.



Klee, FRAGILITY OF JOLLITY; at Saidenberg Gallery.



different voices do not necessarily make a harmonious chorus. One notes the strong newcomers (especially Edward Giobbi, *The Dream*), and the assured veterans. Large, stalwart works by G. L. K. Morris, Kline, Motherwell, Bazotes, Hofmann and Albers will be fixed points of view in the exhibition. And then among other artists there are slight changes. While Pousette-Dart continues to join the thickest of textures to a striking delicacy of color, Milton Resnick's *Alice* suggests a shift to the diagonal in the spatial concepts of his expressionism, a drift that can be seen in others too. Several attempt to reorient the canvas inward from the corners, leaving a startling amount of unpainted area—Sam Francis and Joan Mitchell, particularly. Among the gentler exhibits are such fine works as Randall Morgan's *Forio d'Ischia*, Richard Crist's *City of Cibola Number 3* and Lee Gatch's inverted *Sea Column*—each an intriguingly distilled attitude toward landscape. Loren MacIver seems to have returned to the idiom of her Venice series in *Thunder*, and Graves' *Spirit Bird* sustains his unique color intensity. But apart from a good deal that might just as well have been shown last year, there is a notable work by Stephen Greene. In its compassionate browns, *Homage to Abel Sanchez* suggests the universal grief of mankind at the slaying of a brother, and evokes Cain's act of murder, omitting all detail in the relationship of a disassembled figure to the thrushes of aggressive diagonals. Gouaches and watercolors—very few, compared to the number of oils—are not to be overlooked. For there is much to respect in the competence of Schnakenberg and the individual strength and discretion of landscapes by Avery, Wyeth and Schrag. (Whitney, Nov. 20-Jan. 12.)—S.B.

**Art Unites Nations:** This benefit show for the American Association for the United Nations is being held in celebration of the tenth anniversary of Human Rights Day. Rarely has such an outstanding group of old-master paintings been assembled by one gallery, a group in which the works date all the way from the fourteenth to the twentieth century, and represent many of the countries of the United Nations, although unfortunately neither Russia nor the countries of Asia have been included. The examples chosen are of the highest quality, many of them by artists whose work has become all but unobtainable. The oldest work shown is a deeply spiritual *Madonna and Child* attributed to Duccio, while the most recent works are Ben Nichol-

son's *Rouen*, a beautifully designed abstraction, and John Marin's *Seascape*. The high point of the show comes with the Renaissance paintings, which include such great artists as Raphael, Dürer, Cranach and Holbein. Particularly impressive is the marvelous Holbein self-portrait which shows his cool and objective vision and meticulous craftsmanship at its best. Although small in scale, it has a grandeur and psychological penetration which make the portrait memorable. Of lesser-known Renaissance masters, Joos van Cleve is magnificently represented with a *St. Jerome* which for beauty of detailed execution and freshness of color has few equals. Coming as a loan from the Hackley Art Gallery in Muskegon, it indicates what treasures are often hidden in the less well known museums. Most numerous are the masterpieces from the nineteenth century, including such figures as Ingres, Courbet, Pissarro and Gauguin, as well as the Swedish painter Zorn and the Dane Sondergaard. The most outstanding Scandinavian contribution is Munch's *Vampire*, one of the pictures in the series called the "Frieze of Life" on which the great Norwegian worked for almost thirty years. In it the brooding Northern temperament and the Expressionistic style of the painter are movingly revealed. Very different is Braque's elegant *La Femme Peignant*, painted in an abstract manner and reflecting the more formal French tradition. Such contrasts illustrate not just the varieties of art, but the diversities of the peoples in the United Nations. (Silberman, Dec. 10-28.)—H.M.

**Adolph Gottlieb:** A retrospective showing of works from 1941 to the present indicates that if Gottlieb is not concerned with the kind of formal innovations sought by De Kooning and Kline, he stands on equal terms with Tomlin and is the more assertive and robust of the two artists. Where Tomlin inclines to poetic reverie and canvases which are like veils of decorated fabric, Gottlieb is an "iconic" artist whose mature work falls into one of the following categories: powerful, heavy lines which form entanglements or cages, often with connotations of monstrosity (*Unstill-Life*, 1952, which recalls Kline's *Chief*, culminates in the gigantic and ominous *Unstill-Life #3*, 1954-56); an over-all calligraphy or "pictography" where a repertoire of signs and symbols are scattered over the entire field (*Sounds at Night*, 1948, a monotone work with a free distribution of signs—possibly one of those paintings which Clement Greenberg posits

as a source of Tomlin's mature style—finds a later rephrase in *Hot Horizon*, 1956, where the same signs are still more freely deployed against a field which is ablaze with color); and pictures which are divided strictly in two with a polemical opposition of the iconic upper part and the activated lower part. This last type is fully developed in *Groundscape* (1954-56), where three large, irregular rectangles dominate a lower band in which Gottlieb's signs—often "literary" and mechanical in the forties—are used with great freedom, like pure gestures of the brush. This would appear to be Gottlieb's most original image-type, and the one most congenial to him. It finds its latest manifestation in *Burst* (1957), which expresses with great concentration the conflict, which Gottlieb himself may feel as an artist, between the impetuosity of the stroke and the permanence of the iconic shape. (Jewish Museum, Dec. 2-31.)—C.B.

**Mark Tobey:** Though he has this long time been identified with aspects of Oriental painting, this is Tobey's first exhibition using an Oriental medium—the wide, sensitive Japanese *sumi* brush. His admiration for the technique dates back to the thirties when, he said, the Japanese painter Teng Kwei's wielding of the *sumi* "destroyed architectural space for me." This is not a play of calligraphy but a genuinely personal abstract imagery that rings out in black on white (rather than his usual vice versa). These sudden shapes, in their declaration of motions whirling in space, are too powerful to be identified as a "signature"; they are varied—sometimes like the tracks of meteors in the dotted pathway of the black stroke; sometimes thick entities, strongly interwoven with grays. In Tobey's more familiar detailed idiom, there are *sumi* studies of tightly knit ravines and forests in a diagonal light, and one with the tart comment, *Burnt Over: What the Lumber Barons Left Behind*. Three portraits, however, sound a deeper note similar to the spontaneous spatial thrusts, for these heads are grave. The woman is especially pensive; with her head inclined to one side and all else in deep shadow, she brings to this century a mood such as in Goya's portraits—an eve of disaster, perhaps. (Willard, Nov. 12-Dec. 7.)—S.B.

**Manso:** The concern in each one of these pure and poetic and marvelously wrought oils and collages is not specifically with either shape or color, brush or knife, but rather with each and all, when and where the variousness of their assistance is called upon to bring a work to a

Hans Holbein the Younger, SELF-PORTRAIT; at Silberman Gallery.



Mark Tobey, SUMI INK PAINTING; at Willard Gallery.







Jean Baptiste Pillemert, *LANDSCAPE WITH RUINS*; at Jacques Seligmann Galleries.

rounded perfection. For that is what Leo Manso's exhibition is—one exquisite perfection after another. *Storm's End*, in colors of ice and pale violets and with brush strokes reminiscent of Boldini's virtuosity, is like a small section of Turner's *Shipwreck* magnified, commented on and individually calligraphed with the unique coupling of memory and earnest homage. The prize-winning *The River* (Emily Lowe Award) has subtle additions of glowing green over its basic, sweeping blue and is full of music. The brilliance of a beach with its grass and water forms scorched by the yellow light of *Solterra* has every accident working as it should; where the knife hesitates heavily on the paint it does so with intention, and where the brush dapples and glides it stops at that precise and necessary point where its effect is subdued to the finish of the entire canvas. Mr. Manso's work is supple, rewarding and serene. He has come into the wisdom of his own world and gives ample testimony to the existence of an endless, comprehended freedom and space within it. (Grand Central Moderns, Dec. 3-30.)—R.W.D.

**Master Drawings:** For those who are interested in master drawings, this exhibition will be a high point of the season. The works cover a broad range, spanning four centuries and several countries, as well as including a great variety of media such as pencil, pen, quill, charcoal, chalk, Chinese ink, sepia wash and watercolor. Some of the examples are by celebrated artists like David, Delacroix, Degas and Gauguin, while others are by lesser-known men, many of whom were considered great in their own period but are neglected today. It is among these that some of the masterpieces in this show are found. Among the outstanding examples of sixteenth-century draftsmanship is Palma's sketch for his large canvas in the Doge's Palace showing *Venice Receiving Homage*, a work executed in the sensuous style typical of Venetian art. The Mannerist style is well represented by Zuccaro's *Last Judgment*, a study for his famous picture in the Cathedral in Florence. The scene is fascinating, with grotesque devils torturing the damned, and the blessed rising to heaven. Of seventeenth-century drawings, Mellan's black-chalk drawing of Anna Maria Vaiani is the most beautiful, combining sensitive detail and sure draftsmanship with a penetrating characterization of the sitter. The eighteenth century is well represented with a number of typical works, among them a fine landscape with ruins executed in pencil on paper by Pillemert. Whereas many of the other pictures are merely sketches for

some larger work, this seems complete in itself, a finished composition showing a sunny vista framed between a dark ruin and lofty trees. Of nineteenth-century artists, David and Delacroix are best represented with three works of the former and four of the latter. Particularly interesting is the large pencil sketch for the fresco in St. Sulpice in Paris showing *Jacob Wrestling with the Angel*. It is done in a very painterly and dramatic style, with the struggling, knotted figures overshadowed by the twisting forms of the trees. The draftsmanship of the twentieth century is well represented by a fine Maillol charcoal drawing which has a beautiful feeling of monumentality and plastic form. (Seligmann, Nov. 18-Dec. 7.)—H.M.

**Modern Masters:** A discriminating selection of smaller drawings and paintings by those early innovators who are now termed "modern masters" contributes an air of discovery to this exhibition, where one encounters examples of work by Picasso, Modigliani, Miró, Léger, Severini, Schwitters, Ernst, Surville, De La Fresnaye, etc. In particular there are the Miró *Watercolor*, whose amusing hieroglyphic figures float upward with three wayward balloons toward a skeletal star; the free and zesty *Watercolor* by Léger, in which the sharp, black, industrial-shaped outline clings to two curved blue triangles and one blue moon; the hazy Miró *Gouache*, of precise black parametric shapes contrasting to the tan, gray, orange and other washy background; the two Modigliani drawings of women, one all curves, the other all slenderness, both extremely graceful and self-contained; the Surville *Watercolor-Collage*, a compact and charming composition, in which the suggestibility of wallpaper plus leaf, plus suggestion of female shadow, plus column that becomes part of the picture's outer edge, is subtle and pleasing; the Picasso *Watercolor* of what appears to be an abstract angel (although it could be simply a sad-faced woman in a voluptuous chair); the darkly segmented, dark green landscape of De La Fresnaye; the Henry Moore crayon sketch of four tortuous columns; the delicate Ernst insect, whose outline is smudged into feathery rays; the wonderfully self-involved, concentrated Gleizes; and the various small collages, so neat and formal, of Kurt Schwitters. (Rose Fried, Nov. 2-Dec. 30.)—E.G.

**Fifteenth- to Nineteenth-Century Drawings:** What is here is a tiny museum of beautifully framed, mostly occasional, linear memorabilia, which functions as a welcome reminder of past and too often overlooked excellences, and as a lesson not only in art, but in history as well.



Rattner, *LAST JUDGMENT*; at Downtown Gallery.

Thus, one turns from the enormously ingratiating *Nude Child* of Carlo Maratta, with all its debt to the pieties and accomplishments of Raphael, to the vicious, God-forsaken, almost Vitruvian yet contemporary acridity of Daumier's *Standing Man*, as wiry and as grim as a victim of Buchenwald. Delacroix seeks an old but unsentimental and uncommitted verity in his solid *Studies for a Classical Composition*; Thomas Rowlandson's *A Divine* evokes the bumptious, rollicking, eighteenth-century English landscape, burly with gross vigor and wit; Mary Cassatt quickly mesmerizes with her slight, self-involved, sugary *Tête d'Enfant*; and the Veronese School (or Veronese himself), in *Adoration*, brings one back to that splendid age when the forms of architecture and the human body were managed with flagrantly rich compositional skill. It is not a question of the relative worth or finish of this collection (and it also includes the names of Tiepolo, Piranesi, Constable, Gainsborough and Boucher); the marvel is that these masters and imitators could, even in brief, light turnings of their fingers, not only unmistakably sign their names by the act, but inscribe the arcs of the historical perspective of their age. (Davis, Nov. 28-Dec. 31.)—R.W.D.

**Abraham Rattner:** In this *Last Judgment* triptych (shown with sketches leading up to it) the artist's mode of working with rigid, jewel-like segmentation has been considerably loosened, and the over-all impact is turbulent and strenuous. The finished work has scale, drama and a kind of cataclysmic surge toward the destroyed city and its inhabitants, but it suffers in places from over-schematization: a disembodied eye is repeated innumerable and loses its purported effect of anguish and terror. Some of the sketches are uncomfortably close to Picasso, but No. 12 has a forceful spontaneity, and No. 26, a study of flames, possesses greater drama and foreboding than the more rhetorical final image of doom. (Downtown, Nov. 5-23.)—C.B.

**Nude through the Ages:** Most of these drawings are of considerable interest; some are of real excellence. In the latter category we may include the minuscule sketch by Tintoretto, charged in a few strokes with action and vitality; Crespi's moody study of a reclining figure; Tiepolo's centaur, stroked with a muscular zest not always so evident in the artist's paintings; Delacroix's sketch where line and babies romp over the page; Modigliani's reclining figure, a sort of modernized Adam of Michelangelo which escapes the mannerisms associated with some of Modigliani's work;

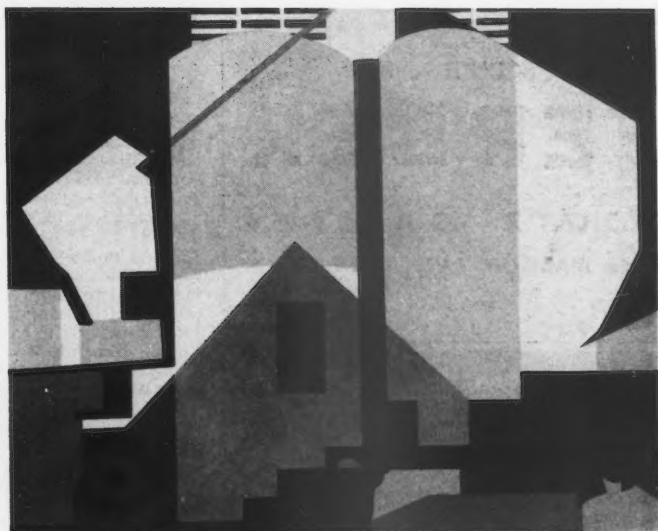
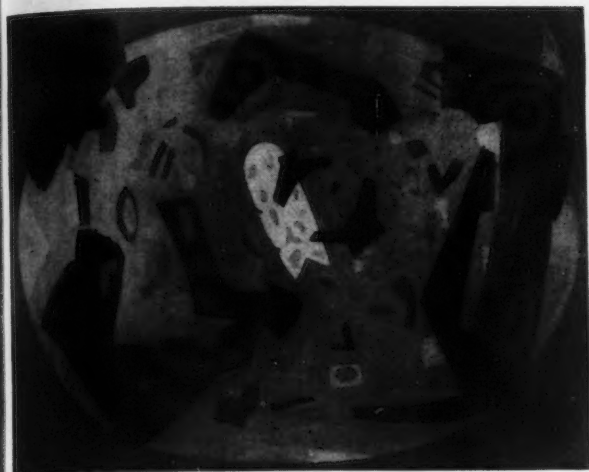
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George L. K. Morris, LIMITS OF DISTANCE; at Alan Gallery.



Charles Sheeler, TWO AGAINST THE WHITE; at Wildenstein Galleries.

and a marvelous figure in sanguine by Renoir, which moves in a languorous haze of sunlight. Of interest from other points of view are Granacci's figure which postulates Mannerism in the elegantly pointed, attenuated leg; the copy after Michelangelo by Allori which enables us to gauge the Manneristic penchant for bland passivity; and Passerotti's male nude, where Mannerism expresses and almost caricatures a state of wild-eyed anxiety. A nude from the Ames collection labeled "circle of Titian" by its owner does not appear to be a work of a high order, but its attribution to Titian by Hans Tietze gives it special interest. Annibale Carracci, an artist deplored by some for his role in founding the Academy, is present with a happily unacademic study. Rodin's loose-limbed figures verge on the frivolous, as if under the spell of Jules Chéret; Bonnard's nude expresses an awkward charm of pose and execution; and Gauguin's tiny study of maternity reiterates his concern for older art. Contemporary works are of mixed quality: good works (besides the Modiglianis) include a Renoir-inspired Maillois and a humorous artist and model by Picasso. The Germanic aegis of drawings by Derain and Chagall lend them some interest, but Kolbe and Cadmus are doubtful choices, and it is difficult to explain the presence of Filippo de Pisis, with his "sanguine heightened with white" travesty of old-master conceptions. (Delius, Oct. 28-Nov. 16.)—C.B.

**George L. K. Morris:** For a number of years Morris has been pursuing a central vanishing point through an "abstractly" structured space. Actually whether the vanishing point lies at the end of cathedral aisles or temple arcades is of little difference; it is still a Renaissance concept of limitable, definable space, capable of being controlled and demarcated by man. Morris is one of the few abstract painters today who attempt to confine or define space in this optimistic way, for whom motion through space is an orderly progression toward a fixed goal rather than a baffling, turbulent, infinite extension of chaos. Having set himself a specific problem, the painter proceeds to offer a number of intricately evolved solutions which are as neatly worked out as a crossword puzzle and demonstrate the painter's thorough understanding of the workings of color and composition. (Alan, Nov. 11-30.)—M.S.

**Felix Pasilis:** Previously seen in several justifiably well-received presentations of still lifes, Mr. Pasilis has taken the next logical step and now may be viewed as an emergent Abstract

Expressionist. The course was inevitable—the promptings in his earlier work were strongly indicative of this change—and the same vigorous brush stroke and individual palette operate now, but with less success, as he works toward achievement in his new stride. Two huge, untitled oils, utilizing colors of a high register, uncentralized and vigorous, and moving ponderously in large, clumsy areas, are filled with this desire to express himself within the confines of his particular, somewhat evocatively anecdotal area—which would seem to be that of a summerhouse in the city. *The Hunt and Night Song*, working on a less grandiose scale, are much closer to true accomplishment, as is *Island of the Sky*, with its startling surface of pointillistic dappplings on an intimate Matisse-Picasso background, which has the feeling symmetries of garden shapes stifled in a disquieting airlessness. *New York City*, more structured, more analytically complicated, seemingly points to another involvement—that of automatic vigor arrested and turned to more controlled scrutiny—for this important and highly competent painter who is taking his first and courageous leap from the table into the world. (Zabriskie, Nov. 25-Dec. 12.)—R.W.D.

**Afro:** Afro's paintings are like the shadowy images projected on a screen, so consistently do they elude the grasp and defy definition in their phantasmagoric character. Yet his paintings are conservative in that they are conceived of in pictorial terms rather than in terms of expressive painting activity or purely abstract design. Unspecific as they are, the images convey an impression of being rooted in remembered forms and sensations, of being a distillation of observations once impressed on the artist's consciousness which emerge through an intuitive rather than a programmatic process. A consummate craftsman, Afro combines charcoal, egg tempera and oil paint on grounds which he specially prepares himself—a technique which makes possible his unique muted transparencies, the clarity of color tempered by a nuanced softness, and the timeless quality of his work which is in such direct contrast to the compelling immediacy of so much contemporary American work.

In the interval since his last exhibition here in 1955, there appears to have been a gradual loosening in his composition, which is less dependent on line and less restricted by the horizontal-vertical grid than formerly. The present canvases are more fully realized in a dramatic sense, the forms are less fragmentary, more strongly integrated into a spatially functioning whole; in short, while there are no spectacular changes, the growth is a steady one. The culminating painting of the exhibition

is the large *L'Uccello del Tuono* or *Thunderbird* in which the red, black and gray configuration streaks ominously upward into space, a portent of the future, cloaked in the mantle of the past. (Viviano, Nov. 25-Dec. 21.)—M.S.

**International Hallmark Awards:** Watercolors and gouaches commissioned for the Fourth International Hallmark Competition include twenty-eight American works and twenty-one from other countries, with prizes to be announced at the benefit preview, December 4. The mature mastery of these media by Edward Hopper and Charles Sheeler looms large among the former group—Hopper with *California Hills*, for its rich solidity, and Sheeler in *Two against White*, for his flat mode of asserting architectural space. John Piper's *Nailsworth, Gloucestershire*, epitomizes the conglomerate mode of landscape that is part of the English tradition, and similarly one can look for national traits from Sweden (Otte Skold, *Winter Forest*), Norway (Jakob Weidemann, *Early Autumn, Denmark* (Mogens Zieler, *My Summer Studio*)—the Scandinavians are conscious of the seasons. The selection from Italy does not seem to be of artists who have either assimilated or influenced international painting—Foppiani, Indrini and Simbari alone being represented. The French group is similarly given over to decorative styles including Buffet and Lorjou, with a very familiar (but authentic) *Street in Winter* by Vlaminck. Among Latin Americans, who are only five, Argentina's Luis Seoane is represented by a vivid *Paisano con Caballos* and Chile's Otta with a pale *Cactus*. The Americans whose presence might be especially cited are Edward Lewandowski, *The Nativity*; Walter Stuempfig, *Breakwater*; and Andrew Wyeth, *44th Parallel*. (Wildenstein, Dec. 4-Jan. 4.)—S.B.

**Elaine de Kooning:** Leaving behind her the portraits and athletic contests of recent years, the artist now turns to the purest form of action painting in an impressive series of astringently colorful canvases which fill the gallery to overflowing. Although there are titles, they are posthumous, so to speak; images must be kept below the conscious level while the act of painting is going on, and it is at the subconscious level too that the observer actually responds to the paintings, for intellectual theorizing in regard to them only diminishes their intensity. Color is used in an extravagantly full gamut, with a tendency to brownish and yellowish greens, and there are constant skirmishes and full-dress battles between warring colors threatening each other's annihilation. The painting itself is



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## IN THE GALLERIES

masterly, for the artist has an admirable command of the Abstract-Expressionist vocabulary and the ability to find the meeting point between sheer dynamics and knowledgeable control—and also to know the exact moment at which the saturation point has been reached, so that the paintings are at once complete and yet charged with immediacy. (De Nagy, Nov. 12-30.)—M.S.

**Jackson Pollock Drawings:** The same frenzied energy which marks that phase of Pollock's painting considered most characteristic agitates the present selection of forty-four of his drawings, dated circa 1934 to 1956. At least half are color studies executed in crayon and gouache, and drawn, if you will, with the oil-paint tube; one of the latter, No. 10, dated 1944, exhibits an unsuspected organizational ability. Of the conventionally designated drawings in ink on paper, more than half use color as a complement to the predominating black; these are done in his technique of splashing and dripping, and deserve the title of painting as much as his oils do. Of proper black-and-white drawings there are nine or ten, and none is very proper. Only two pages of figures, done with a brush and dated 1935, have any interest; their imagery is rude and stimulating, influenced by Picasso and Masson, whose influence is apparent elsewhere in this exhibition.

Most of these papers, and especially those done when the artist was twenty-two, have only the meagerest historical value. Their enshrinement in gold-leafed frames is an apotheosis altogether out of keeping with their mediocrity. For by the evidence of this show Pollock was no draftsman at all. When a drawn image appears it resembles nothing so much as a certain type of mad "modern" jewelry which flourishes in Greenwich Village. Absent from this exhibition is the kind of academic drawing which turns up, obscured and punished as it were, in the large oil painting, *Portrait with a Dream* (1953), and which he always sought to escape. The splashed black drawings, with their melting yellows and oranges, are the culmination of that search, at once tasteful decorations and wild graphs of energy. (Janis, Nov. 4-30.)—S.G.

**Reginald Pollack:** There is something in the quality of the light which tells one immediately that the locale is the South of France. Actually the place is Labeaume, in the Department of Ardèche, where Pollack, an American who makes his home in France, spends a part of every year. Landscapes and figures are described by means of light, dazzling whites, softened by violets and greens; the brush strokes are small, but not uniform. In the painting of the skies, which have a structure of their own, the strokes are intricately varied; forms are broken up and many-faceted in their reflections, but there is always the guiding factor of an underlying rationale, an insistence on fundamental structure as well as an avoidance of pat solutions. This is careful, considered painting which belongs very much in a particular tradition while carrying on new investigations which are given expression in a completely contemporary vocabulary. (Peridot, Nov. 25-Dec. 21.)—M.S.

**George Luks:** Unlike the dark brown, sometimes tender, sometimes melodramatic oils of Luks, these newly revealed watercolors are fresh, natural in color and full of air. *Purple Hills*, *Berkshire Hills Church*, *Yellow Sky in New England*, among the seven that have been brought together for this exhibition, have nothing about them that is "dated." They can be related to the full vigor of the American watercolor tradition, which has in a sense run an independent course from oil painting in the work of Homer, Hopper, Marin, Demuth. Luks painted these rural scenes during the latter part of his life (1867-1933), while he lived in Chatham, New York. For the earth, he eschews the delicate transparencies in a technique more suited to his voluble, Germanic temperament, beading colors together, and putting one over the other in strong dabs. But the skies are sometimes, in contrast, sheer washes, and the total effect is thereby enriched. The landscapes, rather like the harvest of a ripe autumn in their fluent colors and deeper tones, must be taken into account in any consideration of Luk's career. (Rehn, Nov. 25-Dec. 21.)—S.B.



**Charles Cajori, TWO FIGURES; at Tanager Gallery.**

**Tenth Street Christmas Exhibition:** East Tenth Street, the heart of New York's newest Little Bohemia, is rapidly becoming a street of galleries. With the exception of the Fleischman Gallery, these are artists' co-operatives which furnish younger painters with space to exhibit their work and serve as a recruiting ground for uptown dealers. To celebrate the holiday season in gala fashion these galleries are staging a mammoth group exhibition which continues from gallery to gallery and includes drawings, paintings and sculpture by regular members and their invited guests, the number of contributors being estimated as upward of three hundred and ranging from the deans of the New York School to the latest crop of refugees from art academies. No lists or exhibitions were complete at the time of review, so the following sampling gives only the barest indication of scope and content.

The Brata Gallery's request for mixed media has resulted in a preponderance of collages, including Knute Stiles' elegant arrangement of cloth, newspaper and gold leaf, Seymour Epstein's thick-like *Nodes* executed in painted line and scraps of torn brown paper, Nicholas Krushenick's garland of rounded shapes in a variety of paint and paper textures and a spatially complex little collage by J. Warner. Also noted were Takeshi Asada's colorful calligraphic painting in oil on paper, George Sugarman's cosmic *Marriage of Heaven and Earth* in pastel and ink, and, in the field of sculpture, Rhys Caparn's bowed symbolic figure, *Fear*, and Mary Frank's expressively modeled little group, *Veronica*. Several doors to the east at the March Gallery some eighty items are exhibited, and there is a particularly lively sculpture section, enhanced by the inclusion of William King's doleful *Musician*, Herman Cherry's string and metal *Insect*, Yvonne Thomas' *Death of the Bull* and Marisol's guileless painted-wood family randomly nailed and glued together. Among the paintings, all of which are small in size, one might mention Robert Beauchamp's beautifully designed *Head*, Burtin Hasin's enigmatic green-gray *Woman* and abstractions by Michael Goldberg, Miles Forst and Pat Passloff.

In order to show larger paintings, the Camino Gallery limited its number of exhibitors to thirty-six. Outstanding here are John Grillo's authoritative slender vertical canvas, Albert Urban's impassioned *Salome*, John Krushenick's violet and green *Still Life with Chicory*, Al Newbill's *View from the Barn* in casein and melted crayon, Sam Goodman's broad-stroked, dominantly green abstraction and Bart Perry's large painting suggesting a profusely blooming garden. The heterogeneous exhibition at the Fleischman Gallery offers perhaps the greatest

diversity in A few of the blum's bright paper and in dazzling bleak winter posed Rosalike blossom scape, Bayss Constant an

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diversity in styles and degrees of accomplishment. A few of the noteworthy inclusions are J. Rosenblum's bright bouquet built up of layers of thin paper and oil paint, Ilse Getz's small abstraction in dazzling white and yellow, Robert Bek-Gran's bleak wintry cityscape, Mary Jaeger's firmly composed *Rocks and Sunshine*, Stamos' flaming sword-like blossoms, Mary Sinclair's fresh, serene landscape, *Bayside*, and paintings by Al Jensen, George Constant and Lil Picard among others.

The most selective of the exhibitions is the show of drawings at the Tanager Gallery which is outstanding both in quality and variety, making it difficult to single out only a handful of works for mention. Lewitin's simple drawing with a broad brush is a striking work, as is Balcomb Greene's complex *Drawing No. 5, 1954*; there are the clean, crackling lines of Ben Benn, the restrained light-dark nuances of Gabriel Laberman's *South Hill*, the gentle realistic rendering of Theophile Repke's *Night Hour*, and the space-demarcating, clustering black and white shapes of Ippolito. Although actually located on Twelfth Street, a sixth participating gallery, the James, is part of Tenth Street in spirit and makes a sizable contribution to this Christmas affair. (Dec. 6-31.)—M.S.

**Jon Engilberts and Ornulf Bast:** Dimmed colors smoldering under the northern sky, a heavy impasto, a solemnly passionate and at the same time objectified attitude are typical of Jon Engilberts, an Icelandic painter, previously exhibited in various European cities, and represented in this country for the first time by these seven oil paintings. A compactness, a circulating unity, a simplicity of design somewhat related to the Scandinavian patterns on woolens are evident in *Fran Island*, with its images outlined as in stained glass, its brooding tone enhanced by the twilight blues, ochre and dull green. In *Lake Boats*, the sudden white of the furthest boat suggests impatience, the need to explore these solid dark mountains at the other side of the lake. In *Winter Evening*, a girl with sculpturally thick scarlet hair is central in an exciting composition of people and houses, a moon-sun burning overhead and a brown dog elevated to the right.

The ten pieces of sculpture by Ornulf Bast, a Norwegian who has also exhibited in many European cities and is now being shown here for the first time, are uniformly fluid and calm, classic but not quite traditional. In the terra-cotta heads of young girls, *Laila* and *Marit*, the prevalent simplicity does not inhibit an intenseness of expression, and the lines of each piece are rhythmically exact without being monotonous. His large bronze *Girl with Flowers* is a delightful interpretation of adolescence, fresh and sedate at once. The bronze *Boy Leading Horse* is typically graceful, and his other smaller pieces possess an air of purity and innocence. (Passedoit, Dec. 2-31.)—E.G.

**Forest Bess:** Unlike most things which one associates with Texas, the paintings of Texan Forest Bess are very small in size and turned inward in the exploration of a vision which lies close to the subconscious rather than focusing on the vastness of exterior spaces and objects big enough to occupy them. Although his probings into the interior realm are set forth with such deliberateness and clarity that they suggest the transcription of actual visions, they do not lend themselves to literal interpretation, but must be grasped intuitively, preferably by a mind which has cleared itself of esthetic cant or artistic preconceptions. A white crescent against a deep-red field dotted with black, a scarlet ovoid against a pink ground with encroaching black, a red island with a black sky and frothy white sea, a row of little pictographic symbols—briefly these are what one sees, but the impact reaches far beyond this ostensible simplicity. (Parsons, Nov. 4-23.)—M.S.

**Robert Cook:** In his third New York exhibition, this young sculptor's bronzes of varying sizes (as well as one olive wood, one walnut and two silver pieces) show a predominantly effervescent mood, and a most unusual skill. The essential spirit of each subject is absolutely realized, and the harmony of movement, the interplay of arm with leg, or head balancing head, is so apparent that in all, the effect is that of a ballet. Certainly a remark-

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able feat of balance is *Chinese Totem*, in which the two acrobats, one on the other's head, are united by a vertical movement which starts at the upraised foot of one, travels down through the incised curves representing clothing folds, passes the gaping incision representing the spine, down further through the rake-like hair, and then into the head and incised body and thrusting leg of the other figure. A more solid sculpture in walnut is the small child called *Wonder*, a simple, smooth and very charming piece in which the hands shyly clutch and pull up the back of the dress. In *Beach Chair* the long ribbon-like flow of the body, which is flat, cut into, is almost one with the flatly curving and flowing chair. *Unicycle No. 2* is a lovely humorous play of curves and tattered effects. *Two Natures of Man* and *Leapfrog* are particularly successful examples of two-figure pieces which not only convey a sense of propulsion and activity, seeming constantly in motion and at the height of experience, but are also intricate arrangements of mass and space, orderly, despite their great liveliness, and, along with the rest of the show, admirable. (Sculpture Center, Nov. 25-Dec. 24.)—E.G.

**Betty Parsons:** Although the name of Betty Parsons is legendary among dealers in contemporary art, not all of her public is aware that she has been exhibiting her own paintings at a neighboring gallery for twenty years. In each of her canvases she deals with a specific problem—whether it be to convey the remembered sensation of light on water at a particular time, as in *The Silver Rivers*; or certain qualities of the Maine woods, as in *Dark Spruce*, with its massive black columns; or to explore the relationships of closed, opaque shapes against an open, freely painted ground; or simply to make colors behave in unexpected ways as they react on each other. At times her shapes are crystalline, sharply defined and self-enclosed, suspended against fields of a single hue, while at other times they are fused into a vibrating and fluctuating whole. These are not just busman's-holiday paintings, but serious, probing works in which the artist records her explorations in a forthright and candid fashion. (Midtown, Nov. 12-30.)—M.S.

**James Fosburgh:** For those whose taste tends toward the conservative, James Fosburgh's paintings will be a pure delight. The artist shows a consistently high level of craftsmanship which makes his work very satisfying, although it has none of the boldness and intensity of many of his contemporaries. The largest group comprises landscapes painted in an American idiom recalling Homer and Inness in their objective approach toward nature and their interest in light. Outstanding among these are *Homer Lake II*, with its subtle atmospheric effects, and *After the Storm at Montauk*, with its Impressionistic manner and its lovely blues, grays and browns. Equally good are his still lifes such as the fine *Basket of Lettuce*, which is reminiscent of Manet not only in its use of blacks, grays and whites, but in the dignity he gives to the subject. The artist also shows portraits which are fresh and penetrating in a realistic style. (Durlacher, Nov. 26-Dec. 21.)—H.M.

**Siegfried Reinhardt:** The macabre world of Siegfried Reinhardt is hideous beyond description, yet the artist's prodigious talents are quite equal to the task of portraying it in all its grotesque detail. His starting point is a solid black ground on which he gradually builds up brilliant lights and resonantly glowing color as his sinister images evolve literally out of the darkness until they are spread before the eye in a surfeit of decaying flesh, gory entrails and mutilated and dismembered bodies. The horror is so unrelenting that it is impossible to associate it in any way with the tangible world; through exaggeration it loses all significance, causing only revulsion, tinged with admiration for a painterly tour de force. (Hewitt, Nov. 6-Dec. 5.)—M.S.

**Aaron Bohrod:** *Objects on Birch Bark* epitomizes what has happened in the long career of a Chicago-born painter who still teaches in the Middle West: *trompe-l'oeil*. The problem with sleight of eye is not only the extraordinary detail it requires, but that the total effect should

cast a spell. In *Objects*, Bohrod seems to have chosen the most difficult of textures: birch bark, curling and gleaming, butterflies, leaves, feathers, vases, shells, pins, strings—and with it, like an icon, a reproduction (of a reproduction) of a Vermeer—testimony to the Dutch and Flemish origins of the *trompe-l'oeil* impulse. The symbolism is also heavy-handed in canvases such as *Nevermore* and *The Women*. *Decline and Fall* tells a story in bananas going from ripe to rotten, laid out on a plank amid rusty nail heads and, of course, a fly. Part of the game is to detect Bohrod's signature—in how many different guises, a newspaper clipping, a tag, etc. It all serves to prove how even *trompe-l'oeil*'s charms may be stifled when the endeavor becomes too literal. (Milch, Nov. 18-Dec. 7.)—S.B.

**John Levee:** Levee, who has lived in Paris for almost ten years, is most at home in small gouache abstractions where Marin occasionally serves as a point of departure. Works entitled *XVI* and *XX* are examples of the kind of improvisational knack and facility which seem to be most congenial to the artist. When Levee works with more resistant themes or materials—as in *March II 1957*, where a crucifixion image emerges from the thickly massed pigment, or *August III 1957*, with its immobile slabs of paint—the examples of Hofmann, Soulages and De Staël looms with somewhat inhibiting effect. (Emmerich, Nov. 1-30.)—C.B.

**Lily Michael:** These images are totemic in their derivation, and carefully wrought in knife-constructed thick oils with subtleties of warm color. The caseins are not figural but lattice-like thoughtful abstractions. In both media there is a consistent point-of-view, and an absolute tautness to the picture plane. The outstanding trait is the concentration of the painter upon a quality of color and textural insinuation, for which the simplicity of form serves as a vehicle. (Juster, Nov. 11-23.)—S.B.

**Classical Art of Negro Africa:** The ever-growing popularity of primitive art is reflected in numerous exhibitions of African and Pre-Columbian art. This particular show features magnificent carvings from the West Coast of Africa. About sixty pieces have been assembled, representing a great variety of cultures and uses. Most striking perhaps are a thirteen-foot Bobo mask in the form of an alligator and a large elephant tusk carved with intricate animal forms. Other outstanding works are the expressive ceremonial masks of the Dan-Ngere tribe, a carved wooden door from the Senego culture and the antelope headdresses worn by the young men of the Bambara tribe. There is also a very beautiful group of Benin bronzes (notably a warrior originally part of the frieze of the Oba's palace) and some charming Ashanti Gold Coast weights in human and animal form. (Duveen-Graham, Nov. 26-Dec. 14.)—H.M.

**Donati:** Although he has somewhat subdued the preoccupation with extremes in texture which has dominated his recent work, textural contrast is still the key factor in Donati's paintings, taking precedence over color and structure. For example, *Atahualpa* is painted almost entirely in black, with touches of pink, white and gray, but the blacks are intricately varied from areas with a thick velvety nap to thinly scrubbed sections, and there is a range of granular and heavily impastoed areas in between, so that the tactile allure of the canvas vies with the visual. For those who hold to the belief that textures are incidental to the painting process rather than a deliberately created end in themselves, these paintings will seem thin, with little to sustain them but their innate elegance. (Parsons, Nov. 5-23.)—M.S.

**Soulages:** Some of these paintings are like the gigantic emblems of an unknown ancient script (the huge stroke seems "inhabited" by an imponderable deity); some evoke a monumental Japanese calligraphy; and in others one cannot speak of the "stroke" but must refer to the "plank" of paint and regard the work as something akin to timber construction. Although the



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dogmatic use of vast territories of black is stultifying at times, Soulages is adept—especially in some of the smaller, less declarative paintings—at introducing gradations of tone and hints of illumination which are rewarding. (Kootz, Nov. 12-30.)—C.B.

**Dorothy Heller:** Although they proceed from the figurative, these brash, thickly painted oils use the figurative elements as a point of departure. At their best—as in *Darkening Sky*, with its thrusts of bright yellows and reds, and *House, Wind, Sea and Sky*, with its streaks of luminous yellow-whites against a purplish ground—they sustain a sense of orderliness within the whole shape of the canvas in terms of a particularly vigorous and blunt style of painting. She shows, as well, a number of equally intense ink and crayon sketches and watercolors. (Poindexter, Nov. 4-23.)—J.R.M.

**Emily Lowe Awards:** One has the feeling, surveying the work of the ten winners of these annual awards, that art schools are giving too much encouragement to "design." Although it is natural that beginners cling to the busy surface, tight forms and broken colors for a dubious security, the trend is always disquieting. By exception, Robert W. Wilvers' city patterns are positive ones rather than props and are therefore delightful; and Joseph Pacchek braves through a pattern in the face of the *Ingénue*. (Other winners of the \$300 award are Joseph E. Gray II, Charles de Carlo and Robert E. Borgatta.) Although they have some of the same defects, the oils are stronger: Murray P. Stern's *Hanging Chickens*; Martin Zipin's *The Wall*; Gilbert S. Harris' *Graveyard of Boats*. Among the other \$500 winners, Hughie Lee-Smith stands out as a dramatic realist; and John Bagaris is a genuine romantic in the streaming image of *Icarus* and a fine cityscape in liquid darks. *Eosanders Portal*. (Eggleston, Dec. 2-31.)—S.B.

**Joseph Meert:** There are good moments in individual paintings in this exhibition, but the style, which ranges through various degrees of abstraction with sketchy figurative elements, has the appearance of one that has been adopted rather than authoritatively worked through. Structurally, works like *Yellow Ballet* or *Stump* do not hold together in terms of a completed visual experience. The leading exception, *Flowering Plant*, is an accomplished work, its small strokes of green modulating into the suggestion of depth, the central configuration of blossoming purples and roses floating in green space. The gallery itself, newly opened, is an enterprising project exhibiting crafts as well as painting, with a concert series of modern composers already in progress and a series of poetry readings projected for the future. (Nonagon, Dec. 2-Jan. 1.)—J.R.M.

**W. Lee Savage:** There is a Munch-like aura about these canvases which, by means of a diffuse painting technique, express a climate of mental illness in the relationships of figures to interiors. *Standing Man* scatters its features in a manner reminiscent of some contemporary satirists, but with subtleties that bear exploration. *Bruised Queen*, with its furtive figure and empty black chairs, is an effective concept. Given a series of these curious case histories there seems to be some irresolution in the total effect of the distortions (the problem of controlling the image rather than having the image control the painter). But the impulse is very interesting, and the atmosphere, if it were more intensely concentrated, could be powerful. (Chase, Dec. 2-14.)—S.B.

**Stefan Knapp:** The gorgeousness of the colors of these enamel-on-metal paintings is at first so overwhelming that one does not immediately recognize the superbly formal arrangements of informal subjects, nor the great accuracy apparent in the application of a difficult medium. Previously exhibited in Paris and London, Mr. Knapp, a young Pole whose history includes three years' imprisonment in Siberia and three years as a fighter pilot in the R.A.F. during the last war, seems to have kept his paintings and sculpture free of political or social contamination. Except for a humorously insect-like rendition of the human figure as in *She*, where the uprisen hair and bright red eyes and box-shaped red mouth

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provoke amusement, or in the somewhat primitive figures of *Green Return*, the prevalent control of image and color presents an effect of almost majestic dignity. A painting such as *Eastern Murmur* is both free and captive, the mosquelike central shape just distorted enough to be charmingly balanced by the waves of hieroglyphics crossing through and underlying it. Mr. Knapp's several pieces of bronze sculpture are forceful, primarily angular, flat abstractions, machine-like, prickly, containing symbols of movement and power, and occasionally touched with brilliant color. (Matisse, Nov. 5-23.)—E.G.

**Masson and Léger:** Although the paintings of Léger and Masson, who are here shown together, were executed during the same years (around 1930), they are very different in style and feeling. The works of the former come from his weakest period, showing a dead, mechanical quality rather than the boldness of his earlier and later work. The Masson pictures, on the other hand, come from the period which many critics regard as his strongest, a period when he combined an intensity of emotion with great beauty of color and design. The subjects, such as the *Slaughterhouse*, or other scenes of violence, are treated so abstractly and in such radiant colors that they are hardly recognizable. The intense yellows, oranges, reds and greens and the animated flowing movement of the forms are beautifully resolved. (Rosenberg, Nov. 14-Dec. 7.)—H.M.

**Giuseppe Napoli:** Napoli is an immensely prolific painter; this is his second large one-man show within the space of a month. Not only is his output overwhelming in quantity, but it is also amazingly various stylistically, ranging from pure abstractions which are largely linear to primitivistic animal paintings, still lifes and flower pieces in the most exquisite taste, and Expressionist figures and portraits. He experiments constantly with media, seizing on whatever comes to hand and finding in it new expressive possibilities, whether it is the most fragile bit of collage or a heavy paint texture built up to the thickness of a relief. Napoli's talent and dedication are unquestionable; his work is alternately incisive, sensitive or facile, and it remains to be seen whether his intriguing abilities will be channeled into a decisive direction or dispel themselves in diversity. (Morris, Nov. 25-Dec. 14.)—M.S.

**José Maria Lopez Mezquita:** Although these paintings by a Spanish artist who died in 1954 have their own kind of validity issuing out of a thoroughly traditional mode of painting, the majority of them seem uninspired. The two finest works are the calm blue landscapes, *Clouds* and *Moro Castle*, strikingly organized and painted with a singular delicacy of touch. A secondary exhibition of terse drawings and richly colored (though somewhat vaguely formalized) paintings by the Mexican artist I. Alvarez is also being shown. (Crespi, Nov. 26-Dec. 7.)—J.R.M.

**Morris Louis:** For his first one-man show Louis presents huge, restless, watery canvases where masses of flung paint activate tidal waves of motion. His 1954 is an amorphous gauze of doubtful pictorial endurance, but works like *January 1957* and *February 1957* conjure an exciting phantasmagoria of torrential strokes. Although Louis shares directions at times with members of the so-called "New York School: Second Generation," he displays a well-developed color taste unknown to some in that group, and his "break through" of the medium is not motivated by the polemical anger which agitates some of the younger artists. (Martha Jackson, Nov. 5-23.)—C.B.

**Bing Gee:** In a repetition of motif—a kind of sapling with one or two slim branches and one or two rounded leaves—this young Chinese artist, in his first one-man exhibition, has achieved an intriguing variety of effect. Using principally a crushed or folded rice paper, he has expressed his theme in deeply glowing turquoise and blue, in deep purple, black and orange, with windlike horizontal sweeps. His Surrealist photo-montages are extremely original and poetic, in a Cocteau mood. (Avant-Garde, Nov. 26-Dec. 14.)—E.G.

**Maurice Koraniewsky:** A veteran painter, Koraniewsky exhibits portraits, still lifes and landscapes in oil that are all of one piece in the consistent quality of the workmanship. They have precision and clarity of form and varied, yet always sensitive, brushwork. There is at times, particularly in the portraits, a tendency for overcoloring and for a rigidity of form that makes the sitter rather static and frozen; but in *Leona*, with its more freely painted figure, its soft, faded oranges and lilac purples, he has achieved a very fine small work. (Barzansky, Dec. 2-14.)—J.R.M.

**Alex Minewski:** Sparkling, joyous, full of movement, of forms almost ecstatically alive, this second one-man New York show of Minewski's work is provocative and stimulating. The paintings are large, the line of subjects open, not continuous, the forms just slightly distorted, and the composition just unorthodox enough to be interesting. The stroke is quick, vibrant and young; vitality emanates from huge flowers and decorative women, from the irregular rhythms of *Merry-Go-Round* and the blue-accented *Woman at Desk*. Occasionally a derivative note steals in, as in the Matisse-like *Seated Woman* at the violet-clothed table, and sometimes there is a hint of Picasso, but this artist is finding a definite style of his own. (Washington Irving, Nov. 11-Dec. 7.)—E.G.

**Harold Anton:** Work by a mature painter (admired by fellow painters for many years, but an infrequent exhibitor) interweaves images in flat containment as though to keep their inner mysteries. The titles admit such occult overtones. Marked by a blend of cryptography and organic forms, joined by serpentine lines, *Egypt* evokes headresses and wall paintings, and there are further echoes of the lineaments of that culture in *Book of the Dead*. *Design for Sentimental People*, in warm, glowing reds, radiates outward and is less oblique, but it too is thoughtfully compact in structure. This is highly individual painting, direct and firm, marked by a notable wealth of invention within each concept. A cumulative impression of painterly depth quietly emanates from a central core. (Uptown, Nov. 16-Dec. 6.)—S.B.

**William Palmer:** It is a thoroughly clean and precise vision from which these landscapes spring, the view ordered into sharp planal divisions of land and sky with tonal changes that create a sense of spaciousness and distance. Among the particular successes of the exhibition one would want to name the large *Harvest Morning* with its beautifully modulated sky of greens and greenish yellows, the smaller russet landscape, *Patterns of Fertility*, and the soft, less diagrammatically structured *Summer Harvest*. *Winter Afterglow*, though its style is perhaps too nearly autonomous, nevertheless has some fine passages in its gray and creamy whites, its rose and orange accents. (Midtown, Dec. 2-28.)—J.R.M.

**Harold Black:** Working with vitreous enamel on metal, the artist states, "It possesses timeless durability, and its vitreous depths are a joy to those of us who are in love with the mystery of color." Using forms that sometimes suggest the jagged "modern art" of the twenties, at other times African sculpture, and then again, as in *Pigeon Man*, the line of contemporary cartoonists such as George Price, Harold Black has at the same time achieved a dreaminess in his colors, a romantic haze. Although the linear element is sometimes too much of a scrawl, and the paintings more or less superficial, there is a certain charm here, and the colors are lustrous. (Roko, Dec. 9-31.)—E.G.

**Elizabeth Bintz and Serge Hollerbach:** *Westward Sun* is the most rewarding of the oils shown by the former, nicely organized with a lively painterliness that applies to the entire surface of the canvas. She has, as well, a very competent sense of color, particularly in *Solitary*, with its tart blue-grays and greenish yellows. Hollerbach exhibits a number of proficiently done watercolors. His figure studies, *Nudes and Bathers*, have a firm apprehension of bulk and weightiness, and the painting, though careful, is obvious in its effectiveness. (Panoras, Dec. 2-14.)—J.R.M.

Kora, land, in the They varied, is at tendency m that but in ure, its he has zansky, move- his sec- work one-man exhibition, sad-eyed women and children (oils), very like Picasso Blue Period; she is concerned with the balance between bony fingers and classic heads, a nostalgic mood, and obviously good craftsmanship—even if it is still somewhat lacking in uniqueness. *Lisa*, a child portrait, and *Erika*, a sad-faced figure, pink-and-white against cerise and other reds, are among the more interesting works. (Gallery 75, Dec. 2-24.)—E.G.

Lyn Cortlandt: In her first one-man show this artist's eleven large crisp oils indicate a feeling for fantasy, for bird-haunted, design-haunted corridors, complex street scenes and castle interiors, distorted in amusement-park-mirror fashion. (Ruth White, Nov. 19-Dec. 7.)—E.G.

George Russin: The evolution of a rigid style may be observed in this exhibition of work going back to 1938. Starting with academic figure studies, Russin then used a light brown palette, emphasizing the arrangement of forms—a concern which became intensified with the palette knife. His current painting is epitomized by *Oriental Fantasy*, composed of marbled paint particles applied with a knife as carefully as in mosaic. The method is so intricately worked that it is almost exhausting to piece out the frontal views of faces, the paper fish and other objets. (Little Studio, Dec. 2-14.)—S.B.

Zoltan Hecht: The latest oils and caseins of Zoltan Hecht show an interest in texture and design that sometimes, as in *Blackfish* and *Perce Souvenir*, results in a fascinating co-ordination between pebbled surface and transparency, shape of fish and shorelike pattern behind it, or, as in *Driftwood No. 2*, yellow flowers exploding against blue, green and pink pebbles. A long, swift, swirling line emphasizes his larger forms, while something as intricate as *Near Petite Madeleine*, is a concoction of vertical and horizontal contrasts intersected by an infinitely varied tilelike pattern. (Collector's, Dec. 2-14.)—E.G.

Hugh Wiley: These large wall panels of mosaic and cement have the look of land undergoing the changes of the seasons; they combine the sense of terrain with the rich fall ochers, yellows and browns of the small horizontal panel, or the full-blown summer pinks, whites, sandbeiges of the large eight-panel mural. What makes them admirable on all counts is the control of their handling, the ability to sustain continuity and contrast between one color and another, one texture and another, so that the final effect, in each case, is one of rhythm, movement, coloring—a kind of contrapuntal music. (Bertha Schaefer, Dec. 2-21.)—J.R.M.

Herbert West: The artist shows clean, smoothly worked watercolors of cold northern scenes in steely grays and blues, with a consistently good handling of distinct moods. (Roerich, Nov. 17-Dec. 30.) . . . **Mia Munzer LeComte:** Large, sprightly, heavily textured oils devoted to Biblical and mythological subjects combine at their best, as in *Gifts for a Child*, a certain amount of naïveté with a knowledgeable style. (Crespi, Nov. 11-25.) . . . **Muriel Streeter:** The landscapes in oil of rolling hills and countryside are bathed in a dusky amber light which creates a kind of moody effectiveness; the temperas, particularly *The Cape*, are full of sparkling light. (Petite, Dec. 10-28.) . . . **Harriet Ring:** A Nor-

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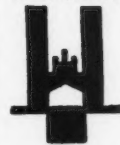
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## STUDIO TALK

BY BERNARD CHAET

*Etching Technique:**Interview with Rudy Pozzatti**Rudy Pozzatti, BULL (1957).*

AMERICAN printmaking is enjoying a renaissance. Its critics have noted an overemphasis on technique or surface treatment; yet this preoccupation with method has produced a new interest in graphic art among scores of young artists. Perhaps these new methods have expanded the range of visual possibilities, thereby attracting new interest. Or, perhaps printmaking reflects a period of experimentation in the visual arts. These aspects were discussed recently with Rudy Pozzatti, whose etching techniques will be our concern here. According to Mr. Pozzatti, "Prints displaying technique alone are becoming rare. Printmakers are aware that imagery is more important than surface." But he also emphasized that "a technical vocabulary is the background which makes a personal concept possible." And Mr. Pozzatti called on his vast technical knowledge to fulfill his concept for the recent etching, *Bull*.

The desired image for *Bull* naturally involved certain formal problems which in turn prompted visual and technical decisions. Mr. Pozzatti's usual manner of form-making—rigid shapes and free-flowing lines to present solids, contours and inter-spaces—was discarded because it did not fit the needs of content. Instead a gradual softening of edges of shapes and modulation within these shapes to produce a general fusion of the whole surface were desired. These conceptual demands inspired the following series of operations.

First, the 14 1/2 by 17 1/2" zinc plate had its edges filed and its surface cleaned with a mixture of ammonia and whiting (a routine procedure). Next, an irregular aquatint was placed over the entire surface: an aquatint is composed of powdered rosin which is dusted on the heated plate; heat changes the rosin from powder into crystal. In Mr. Pozzatti's words, "The acid, biting around each crystal, produces a characteristic texture." After the aquatint was applied, and before the first acid bath, the shapes and lines which were to appear as light areas were brushed on with stop-out varnish. (Stop-out varnish prevents acid-biting.) This first stage, worked from dark to light, involved outlining and slightly dissolving the main black shape. These freely brushed strokes, which printed as white, also established a tilting ground plane.

The first test print, then, showed a grayish-black textured shape defined by white brush marks. The problems now were to increase the darks gradually within the frontal shape, to soften its edges and to strengthen the bottom plane. To accomplish these aims Mr. Pozzatti brushed on a layer of hard

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ground which covered the entire plate. Hard ground consists of a half-part powdered rosin, two parts Egyptian asphaltum powder, two parts beeswax and just enough benzine to dissolve the rosin and wax. This mixture is heated—but not to the boiling point—and strained through cheesecloth. Instead of scratching lines through the hard ground to expose the zinc plate to the acid, he dissolved the ground with benzine, the solvent for hard ground. In this “wash-out” process, as Mr. Pozzatti described it, he applied the benzine with a brush and blotted it gently with cloth. “There is control in this process, rather than accident, for it is possible to control the brush strokes and the blottings.” And Mr. Pozzatti found this process to be an economical method to produce darks. But economy was secondary, for the darks in the “wash-out” process produced a blending effect which was of primary concern. The plate was reworked in this manner between three separate acid bitings; the darks were blended and strengthened gradually.

The next stage further increased the weight of the darks as it enriched the texture, but it was mainly concerned with softening the edges. This objective was accomplished in the aquatint manner with larger particles of rosin. But even after this second aquatint the range of darks still did not satisfy the artist. Therefore to intensify the dark areas even more he rolled a thin layer of soft ground on the plate. (Soft ground consists of hard ground and axle grease.) Through this ground lines were then scratched. Mr. Pozzatti explained that a soft-ground line is less brittle and spreads more than hard ground. The lines merged into the darks in the final print. These lines were patiently added to create clots of black which read darkest on the left and gradually lighten as one reads from left to right. (The photograph does not show this to advantage.) These final darks made the edges appear softer and brought out the tracery of white lines applied at the beginning. These light lines which seem to come at random support the main form by repeating its boundaries. Further, they attract high lights within the main form, and what is most important their placement prevents the dark shapes from becoming a silhouette.

The soft-ground stage, which was also repeated, brought the print to a conclusion. It must be emphasized again that this print was not intended as a display of virtuoso texture. The complicated methods described were already part of Mr. Pozzatti's vocabulary. And these methods were employed only to fulfill his concept.

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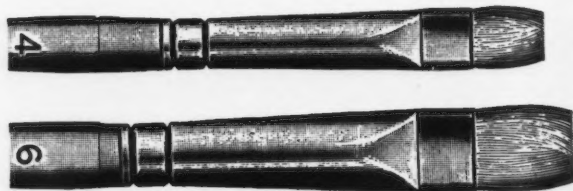
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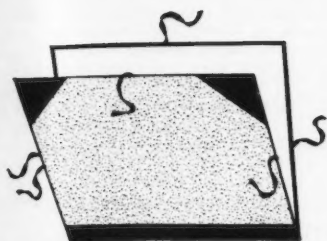
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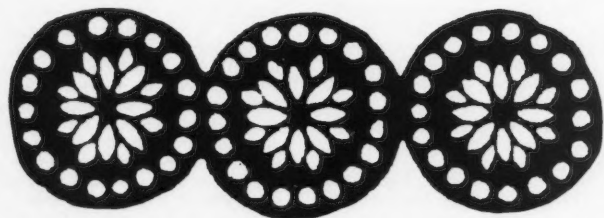
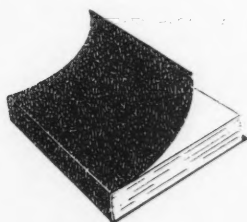


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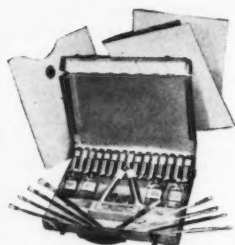


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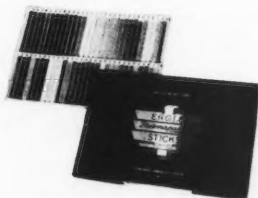


Detail from Japanese wood-block paper at Nelson-Whitehead.



WINSOR & NEWTON's Westminister deluxe oil-color box (left) is fitted with fifteen studio-size tubes of Artists' oil colors, two #20-size tubes of white, linseed oil, turpentine, retouching varnish, palette, palette knife, cups and two sponges; it holds 12-in. by 16-in. canvas panels. The box is metal, and has a durable gray crackle finish. When closed, the Westminister measures 12¼ in. by 16 in. by 2⅞ in.; it is \$41.50 at art-supply stores.

Prismapastel, an EAGLE PENCIL CO. product, can be bought in a sixty-stick set (right) that includes a graded selection of tints and shades, a wide range of warm and cold grays and three metallic colors. The vivid colors are packed for uniform texture and deposit, blend well and hold their brilliance when fixative is used. The same assortment of colors is also available in pencil form. The set of pastel sticks (#2960) is \$7.50, the set of pencils (#1960) \$13.33 at art-supply stores.



GRUMBACHER's "Kolor-Keeper" palette box (left) has a humidior-type lid lined with a foamy sponge that closes tightly to keep water-soluble colors fresh and moist for immediate use. There are fourteen deep color wells and a mixing area in the removable palette tray. The plastic "Kolor-Keeper," now available at art-supply stores, is 7¼ in. by 5⅛ in. by ¼ in., costs \$2.00.

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## IN THE GALLERIES

continued from page 61

wegian painter, living in Paris, shows a series of oils and monotypes, uneven in style and control. The most interesting work was the small landscape in greens and yellows, *View*. (Crespi, Nov. 11-25.) . . . **Jennie Novik**: The primitivism of the style, worked for a maximum of precise and awkward detail, has its own charm in this group of oils, the best of which is *First Love*, with its large seated figure of a girl in an intense blue dress and its much smaller kneeling suitor holding a rose. (Pietrantonio, Dec. 1-15.) . . . **Piero Dorazio**: His abstract pen and wash drawings and lithographs are notable for the quality of their handling. (Wittenborn, Nov. 18-30.) . . . **Alexander Bozickovic**: These freely done oils with the surface effect of gouaches have a certain amount of verve, but the over-all impression is one of rather thin decorative elegance. (Pietrantonio, Dec. 16-31.) . . . **I. Rice Pereira**: A series of cosmological drawings and watercolors, entitled "The Lapis," derives from a private dream interpreted and interpolated by the artist. (Wittenborn, Dec. 2-9.) . . . **Gloria Vanderbilt**: Although these oils and watercolors have charm and whimsicality (when they aren't merely chichi, as in the "Aquarium" series), they seldom get beyond the stage of rather pleasant boudoir paintings in powdery pinks and purples; only in one or two works, notably *Children by the Sea*, is there an indication of a more forceful, less thinly satisfied talent. (Juster, Oct. 28-Nov. 9.) . . . **Guy Bourdin**: Bright, constantly witty and inventive drawings and watercolors present recurring personae—cyclists, equilibrists, lovers, gigolos, ladies with bizarre hats, birds, fish and cherries. (Deitsch, Dec. 3-30.)—J.R.M.

**Ralph Fabri**: With no excitement, crankily arbitrary drawing and a gaudy palette, these crowded tapestried paintings of scenes in countries bordering on the Mediterranean fail to convince. (Eggleston, Nov. 11-23.) . . . **Harry Wertz**: These conventional watercolors of hunting and fishing scenes are unemotional little tales and will in-

terest stay-at-home, magazine-reading armchair sportsmen. (Grand Central, Nov. 18-30.)—R.W.D.

**Charlotte Park**: The vigor with which the paint is laid on, the boldness of color and lively surfaces give these paintings a genuine appeal and vitality which many second-generation Abstract Expressionists fail to achieve. (Tanager, Nov. 2-21.) . . . **Jean Borel**: Placement is all-important in these meticulously sparse and understated flower pieces and still lifes; the economy extends also to color which runs to chill neutral tones with an occasional important flare of warmth; it might be more accurate to call these elegant works drawings in paint than actual paintings. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, Nov. 23-Dec. 31.) . . . **JoAnne Schneider**: Although handsomely composed in terms of light-dark contrasts, the still lifes of which this exhibition is chiefly comprised are wooden and lifeless; the design is striking, but too rigid. (Heller, Nov. 26-Dec. 14.)—M.S.

**Nathan Dolinsky**: Arid Mexican scenes in mauve-tinged grays and browns are set off against lushly verdant paintings of the Catskills; the painter takes no short cuts in the rendering of detail; his drawing is knowledgeable and exact, and his canvases are brought to a highly polished conclusion. (Kottler, Dec. 2-16.) . . . **Rudolf Schabelitz**: "Chronicles of Second Avenue" is the theme of this show, which offers glimpses of crowded sidewalks in all their various aspects, through rain and heat waves, market days and tree plantings, with a wealth of detail and a heartfelt familiarity with the subject. (Kottler, Dec. 16-28.)—M.S.

**Andy Warhol**: A gold-leaf-and-ink technique renders cats like kings and portraits (including a familiar model in the whiskey ads) like silhouettes from a candy box. (Bodley, Dec. 2-31.) . . . **Robert Steed**: Oils of India weave faces in the crowd with skeins of line and color detail; similarly with Cape Cod waters and cottages, an excessive pattern does not resolve into a statement. (Barone, Nov. 13-30.) . . . **Marzelle**: Frankly deriving from Cézanne in composition and in some of his subject matter, this French painter who recently received the Prix de la Critique has an expertly rich and luminous

palette. (Galerie Moderne, Nov. 11-30.) . . . **Naondo**: These egg temperas on rice paper by a Japanese who now lives in Paris are patterned to a hairline; they are of cock fights or of the seasons in Kyoto, and tend to point up resemblances between reddish kimonooed figures and the animals they are caressing. (Little Studio, Oct. 31-Nov. 13.) . . . **Willard Bond**: The Adirondacks, mountains and forests, are the material for a rigid surface pattern, a crisscrossing of forms that seem to eject any nuances of color or of texture. (Little Studio, Dec. 14-27.)—S.B.

## BOOKS continued from page 19

pressionism, Selz and Myers have distilled for the reader the fruits of thousands of hours of painstaking research. Information that, without their efforts, might have been lost irretrievably was dug out of old German newspapers, magazines, pamphlets and exhibition catalogues. The scholars interviewed all surviving participants in the struggles, as well as museum directors and dealers who were active during a period which, to the new generation, seems as remote as the Middle Ages. Dr. Selz, especially, has brought to light much unpublished material, including Kirchner's diary of 1919-28.

With the appearance of these volumes there vanishes any excuse for unfamiliarity with a branch of modern art that is not inferior to its coeval French schools. The pictorial material is weighty. If we add together the reproductions in all five books, we reach the amazing number of 1,047! Inevitably, some of the major pictures turn up in each selection, but in different sizes, and different qualities of reproduction. As was to be expected, these differences are particularly noticeable among the color photographs. One is prompted to pun on the advertisement: "Which twin has the real tone?" But for these discrepancies we must not blame our industrious authors, nor even the publishers, who have invested much in these well-designed and carefully prepared books. Color photography too often and too arbitrarily indulges in an "Expressionismus" beyond the scope of any of these scholarly books!

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# CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS

**ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., UNIV. N. M. JONSON**, Nov. 30-Dec. 17: B. S. Levy; Dec. 18-Jan. 11: R. Kurman

**ANDOVER, MASS., PHILLIPS ACAD.** ADDISON, Nov. 23-Dec. 15: Dutch Art, 1945-55

**BALDWIN, KANSAS, BAKER UNIV.** ELSIE ALLEN GAL., to Jan. 15: Japanese Woodcuts

**BALTIMORE, MD.** WALTERS, Dec. 7-Jan. 12: Chinese Jade; Early Greek Art

**MUSEUM, to Jan. 12: History of Bookbinding**

**BETHLEHEM, PA.** LEHIGH UNIV., to Dec. 17: P. Fin-  
gesten

**BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA** MUSEUM, Dec.: Phila. Tradition

**BOSTON, MASS.** DOLL & RICHARDS, Dec. 3-28: Sam  
Thal

**MUSELS, BELGIUM** HELIOS, Cont. Masters & Young Ptrs.

**BUFFALO, N. Y.** ALBRIGHT, to Dec. 15: Designer  
Craftsmen

**CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.** UNIV. MUSEUM, to Jan. 5: "Punch &  
Judy"

**CLEVELAND, OHIO** HOWARD WISE, Dec.: Young Fr. Ptrs.

**DES MOINES, IOWA** ART CENTER, to Dec. 15: George  
Grosz; Wayne Nowack

**DETROIT, MICHIGAN** HIST. MUS., to Jan. 31: C. Bodmer

**LA PORTE, INDIANA** HAILMANN SCHOOL, to Jan. 12: The  
Four Seasons

**LONDON, ENGLAND** GIMPEL FILS, Dec.: Cubism

**LOS ANGELES, CALIF.** ESTHER ROBLES, to Jan. 18: Earle;  
Reichman; Group

**LOUISVILLE, KY.** SPEED MUS., Dec. 1-22: Toulouse-  
Lautrec; Dec. 3-24: Roszak

**NEW YORK, N. Y.** Museums:  
BROOKLYN (Eastern Pkwy.), to Jan.  
5: Black & White Silhouette; to  
Jan. 26: Face of America

COOPER UNION (Cooper Sq.), to  
Dec. 23: Ends & Beginnings

GUGGENHEIM (7 E. 72), from Dec.  
18 (tentative): Mondrian

JEWISH (1109 5th at 92), to Dec. 31:  
A. Gottlieb

METROPOLITAN (5th at 82), to Jan.  
12: Collectors' Choice; to Dec. 29:  
Faces in Amer. Art

MODERN (11 W. 53), to Dec. 5: Rec.  
Acq.; to Feb. 2: Photos of N.Y.C.;  
Dec. 18-Feb. 23: Arch. of Antoni  
Gaudi; Chagall

PRIMITIVE (15 W. 54), to Feb. 9: Se-  
lected Works III

RIVERSIDE (310 Riv. Dr. at 103), Dec.  
1-22: Directions in Sculpture

WHITNEY (22 W. 54), to Jan. 12:  
Annual

Galleries:  
A.C.A. (63 E. 57), Dec. 2-21: A. Toney

ADAM-AHAB (72 Thompson), to Dec.  
17: R. Goddard-Vogel; Dec. 19-  
Jan. 21: Many Media, Many Minds

ALAN (766 Mad. at 66), Dec. 2-21:  
Xmas Exhib.

ARGENT (236 E. 60), Dec. 9-Jan. 4:  
Belgian Women Grp.

ARTISTS' (851 Lex. at 64), Dec. 20-  
Jan. 9: Storoff; Grp.

ARTS (62 W. 56), Dec. 5-15: Xmas  
Grp.; Dec. 16-25: Grp.

AVANT-GARDE (166 Lex. at 30), to  
Dec. 14: B. Gee; Dec. 17-Jan. 18:  
J. Stapleton

BABCOCK (805 Mad. at 68), Dec.:  
Xmas Grp.

BARONE (1018 Mad. at 79), Dec. 3-  
21: Eula

BARZANSKY (1071 Mad. at 81), Dec.:

M. Koraniewsky; Dec. 15-30: Xmas  
Annual

BODLEY (223 E. 60), Dec. 2-31: A.  
Warhol; Dec. 5-31: S. Tennant

BORGENICHT (1018 Mad. at 79), to  
Dec. 14: J. De Rivera; Dec. 16-Jan.  
4: C. Albert

BRATA (89 E. 10), to Dec. 5: Grp.

BURR (108 W. 56), Dec. 8-21: Grp. 1;  
Dec. 22-Jan. 4: Grp. 2

CAMINO (92 E. 10), Dec. 7-31: Xmas  
Show

CARSTAIRS (11 E. 57), to Dec. 14:  
P. T. Mitchell; Dec. 17-Jan. 4: Cont.  
Europ.

CASTELLI (4 E. 77), to Dec. 7: Ma-  
risol; Dec.: Grp.

CHASE (31 E. 64), Dec. 2-14: W.  
Savage; Dec. 16-31: Grp.

COLLECTORS' (49 W. 53), Dec. 2-14:  
Z. Hecht; Dec. 16-Jan. 4: Grp.

COMERFORD (55 E. 55), Japanese  
Prints

CONTEMPORARY ARTS (802 Lex. at  
62), Dec.: Grp.

COOPER (313 W. 53), to Dec. 12: S.  
Rutkin

CRESPI (232 E. 58), Nov. 26-Dec. 7:  
L. Mezquita; J. Alvarez

DE AENLE (59 W. 53), to Dec. 7:  
Consuegra; Dec. 9-Jan. 4: H. Marin

D'ARCY (19 E. 75), to Dec. 26: Primi-  
tive Art

DAVIS (231 E. 60), to Dec. 30: Drwgs.

DEITSCH (51 E. 73), to Dec. 28: G.  
Bourdin

DELAORTE (822 Mad. at 69), Dec.:  
Master Illuminations

DELIUS (24 E. 67), to Dec. 30: E.  
Bargheer; Nolde & Kirchner

DE NAGY (24 E. 67), Dec. 3-Jan. 4:  
L. Rivers

DOWNTOWN (32 E. 51), Dec. 8-21:  
Town School Benefit

DURLACHER (11 E. 57), to Dec. 21:  
J. Fosburgh

DUVEN (18 E. 79), Old Masters

DUVEEN-GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at  
78), to Dec. 14: African Classical  
Art; Dec. 17-Jan. 4: P. Takal

EGGLESTON (969 Mad. at 76), Dec.  
1-31: E. Lowe

EIGHTH ST. (33 W. 8), to Dec. 31:  
Xmas Sale

EMMERICH (17 E. 64), Dec.: Xmas  
Show

ESTE (32 E. 65), Dec.: Xmas Sale

FEIGL (601 Mad. at 57), thru Dec.:  
Grp.

FINE ARTS ASSOC. (41 E. 57), Dec.  
10-Jan. 11: Sclpt. 1880-1957

FLEISCHMAN (227 E. 10), Dec. 1-31:  
Xmas Show

FRIED (40 E. 68), to Dec. 21: Mod.  
Masters

FURMAN (17 E. 82), Dec. 2-31: Pre-  
Col.

G. GALLERY (200 E. 59), Dec. 5-30:  
D. Newman

GALERIE CHALETTE (1100 Mad. at  
82), Dec.: Graphics; Kandinsky

GALERIE DE BRAUX (131 E. 55), to  
Dec. 15: G. Miani; A. Straus

GALERIE ST. ETIENNE (46 W. 57), to  
Dec. 14: Fr. Cont. Primitives

GALLERY 75 (30 E. 75), Dec. 2-24:  
S. Arbace

GRAND CENTRAL (15 Vand. at 42),  
to Dec. 24: Xmas Show

GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (1018  
Mad. at 79), Dec. 3-30: L. Manso

HANSA (210 Cent. Pk. So.), Dec. 16-  
Jan. 4: R. Stankiewicz

HARTERT GALLERIES (22 E. 58), Dec.:  
Amer. and Fr.

HELLER (63 E. 57), to Dec. 14: J.  
Schneider; Dec. 17-Jan. 4: E. Clark

HERZL INST. (250 W. 57), Dec. 3-30:  
A. Dobkin

HEWITT (29 E. 65), Dec.: Drwg. Grp.

HIRSCHL & ADLER (21 E. 67), Dec. 2-  
31: G. W. Hendricks

JACKSON (32 E. 69), to Dec. 28: G.  
Richier, S. Francis

JAMES (70 E. 12), Dec. 7-31: Xmas  
Show

JANIS (15 E. 57), Dec. 2-28: Gorky

KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), Dec. 5-Jan. 10:  
Niarchos Collection

KOOTZ (1018 Mad. at 79), Dec. 3-21:  
Ferber

KOTTLER (3 E. 65), Dec. 2-14: N. Do-  
linsky; Dec. 16-28: R. Schabelitz,  
A. DeLillo

KRASNER (1061 Mad.), Dec.: Xmas  
Show, Fr. & Amer.

KRAUSHAAR (1055 Mad. at 80), Dec.:  
A. Ryan

LIBRARY OF PTGS. (28 E. 72), Dec.:  
S. Mertens

LILLIPUT HOUSE (231½ Eliz. St. By  
Appt.), Dec.: Many Minds Overflow

LITTLE STUDIO (673 Mad.), Dec. 12-  
14: G. Russin

MARCH (95 E. 10), Dec. 7-31: Xmas  
Show

MATISSE (41 E. 57), Dec. 3-21: Rio-  
pelle

MELTZER (38 W. 57), Dec. 2-Jan. 6:  
Xmas Show

MI CHOU (36 W. 56), Dec. 3-21:  
Hui Ka Kwong

MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), Dec. 2-28: W.  
Palmer

MILCH (21 E. 67), to Dec. 7: A. Boh-  
rod; Dec.: Pts. for the Home

MILLS COLLEGE (66 5th Ave.), to Dec.  
20: S. Dienes

MORRIS (174 Waverly Pl.), Dec. 16-  
Jan. 3: R. Amft

MOSKIN (4 E. 88), to Dec. 14: Fan-  
tasy in Ptg.

NATIONAL ARTS CLUB (15 Gramercy  
Pk.), from Dec. 18: Photo-Engravers

NEW ART CENTER (1193 Lex. at 81),  
Dec.: W'cols.

NEW GALLERY (601 Mad. at 57), to  
Dec. 31: 18th, 19th, 20th c. drwgs.  
& w'cols.

NEWHOUSE (15 E. 57), Dec.: Old  
Masters

NONAGON (99 2nd), Dec. 2-Jan. 1:  
J. Meer

PANORAS (62 W. 56), Dec. 2-14: E.  
Bintz, S. Hollerbach; Dec. 16-28:  
R. Brossard, G. Margules

PARMA (1111 Lex. at 77), from Dec.  
16: Xmas Show

PARSONS (15 E. 57), to Dec. 14: E.  
Schwabacher; Dec. 16-Jan. 25: Grp.

PASSEDOIT (121 E. 57), Dec. 2-31:  
J. Engilberts, O. Bast

PERIDOT (820 Mad. at 68), to Dec.  
21: R. Pollack; Dec. 23-Jan. 11: Eu-  
rop. Sclpt.

PERLS (1016 Mad. at 78), to Dec. 21:  
15 Major Selections

PETITE (129 W. 56), to Dec. 7: T.  
Yerxa; Dec. 10-28: M. Streeter

PIETRANTONIO (26 E. 84), Dec. 1-15:  
J. Novik; Dec. 16-30: A. Bozickovic

POINDEXTER (21 W. 56), to Dec. 14:  
Yekta; Dec. 16-Jan. 4: Cont. Amer.  
Drwgs.

PYRAMID GALLERY (4 St. Marks),  
from Dec. 22: Drawings

RAYMOND & RAYMOND (54 E. 53),  
to Dec. 10: J. Bleny

REGIONAL ARTS (139 E. 47), Dec.  
2-14: Xmas Group

REHN (683 5th at 54), thru Dec.: G.  
Luk

ROERICH (319 W. 107), to Dec. 30:  
H. West

ROKO (925 Mad. at 74), Dec. 9-31:  
H. Black

ROSENBERG (20 E. 79), from Dec. 9:  
H. Fraser

SAGITTARIUS (46 E. 57), from Dec.  
10: G. Cottellacci

SAIDENBERG (10 E. 77), to Dec. 14:  
Klee; Dec. 16-31: Da Silva, Gleizes,  
Lansky

SALPETER (42 E. 57), to Dec. 30: Xmas  
Show

B. SCHAEFER (32 E. 57), Dec. 2-21:  
H. Wiley

SCHAEFFER (983 Park at 83), Dec.:  
Old Masters

SCHONEMAN (63 E. 57), Dec.: Mod.  
Fr. Pths.

SCULPTURE CENTER (167 E. 69), to  
Dec. 24: R. Cook

SEGY (708 Lex. at 57), Dec. 1-23:  
Affr. Art

SELIGMANN (5 E. 57), to Dec. 7:  
Master Drwgs.

SILBERMAN (1014 Mad. at 78), Dec.  
10-28: Loan Exhib. II

SUDAMERICANA (866 Lex. at 65),  
Dec. 2-30: Xmas Show

TANAGER (90 E. 10), Dec. 7-26: Xmas  
Show; Dec. 27-Jan. 16: Burckhardt

TERRAIN (20 E. 16), thru Jan. 7: Per-  
sonal-Impersonal Group Show

THEATRE EAST (211 E. 60), Dec. 3-  
Jan. 3: Buzzelli

TOZZI (32 E. 57), Dec.: Medieval Art

UPTOWN (1311 Mad. at 92), to Dec.  
6: H. Anton

VAN DIEMEN-LILIENFELD (21 E. 57),  
to Dec. 31: Borel

VILLAGE ART CENTER (39 Grove St.),  
Dec. 2-20: Grp.

VIVIANO (42 E. 57), to Dec. 21: Afro

WALKER (117 E. 57), Dec.: Amer.  
Contemp.

WASH. IRVING (49 Irving Pl.), Dec.  
9-Jan. 4: Paul Mommer

WEYHE (794 Lex. at 61), to Dec. 21:  
Xmas Group

WHITE (42 E. 57), to Dec. 7: L. Cort-  
landt; Dec. 10-Jan. 4: Xmas Group

WIDDIFIELD (818 Mad. at 68), Dec.  
9-Jan. 4: A. Peck

WILDENSTEIN (19 E. 64), Dec. 3-28:  
Hallmark Award Exhib. Dec. 11-Jan.  
4: P. Annigon

WILLARD (23 W. 56), to Dec. 7: M.  
Tobey; Dec. 10-Jan. 4: Early Per-  
sian & Indian Ptg.

WITTENBORN (1018 Mad. nr. 79),  
Dec. 2-9: I. R. Pereira; Dec. 10-31:  
Mod. Eur. Lithographs

WORLD HOUSE (987 Mad. at 77), to  
Dec. 7: G. Morandi; Dec. 10-Feb. 1:  
Annual

ZABRISKIE (32 E. 65), Dec. 1-14: Gal-  
lery Groups; Dec. 16-Jan. 11: Amer.  
Collage

ZODIAC (123 E. 55), Dec. 9-21: Servin

**ORONO, MAINE** UNIV. ART GALLERY, Dec.: Harry  
Greaver

**PARIS, FRANCE** GALERIE DE FRANCE, Dec.: Magnelli  
IRIS CLERT, to Jan. 10: Ten Painters  
& Sculptors

GALERIE PIERRE, Dec.: Da Silva, Du-  
four, Kallos, Macris

**PHILADELPHIA, PA.** ART ALLIANCE, Dec. 19-Jan. 12: Con-  
temp. Southwestern Painting; Dec.  
27-Jan. 19: Japanese Printmakers;  
Gerd Utescher

COLEMAN, Dec.: New Acq.

**PITTSBURGH, PA.** CARNEGIE, to Dec. 29: A. Burri

**PITTSFIELD, MASS.** BERKSHIRE MUS., Dec.: Xmas Sale

**PORTLAND, OREGON** MUSEUM, to Jan. 5: American Ptg.  
1815-1865; to Dec. 26: Artists of  
Oregon, prints

**SAN MARINO, CALIF.** H. E. HUNTINGTON LIB., Dec.: Wm.  
Blake

**WASHINGTON, D. C.** I.F.A. GALLERIES, Dec. 2-28: Jack  
Perlmutter, lithographs

**WESTBURY, L. I.** COUNTRY, to Dec. 25: A. G. Corsini

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